

THE LIVING AGE.

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VOL. CCLXXVIII

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

TO MY CHILDREN

Beloveds, when you smile at me,
It is the birthday of my soul,
It is the day of blossoming;—
The day of welcome to the sun
When lambs do play and birds do sing,
When flowers blow and glad streams
run.

Beloveds, when you smile at me,
Then am I healed and made whole,
It is the day of blossoming,
It is the birthday of my soul.

The God who loves the Seraphim
Will guard my lambs of snowy fleece,
Will guard my little singing birds;—
Will make them gentle, make them
good,

Will fill their hearts with merry words,
With valor, and with hardihood.
The God who loves the Seraphim
Will make a mighty shield of peace
To guard my little singing birds,
My little lambs of snowy fleece.

And I will travel all the way
That you may enter Paradise;
May enter by the pearly gate
The meadows of the blessed sea.
The way that is both long and strait
We'll shorten with good company.
And I must travel all the way
Among the simple and the wise
That enter by the pearly gate,
That enter in to Paradise.

I that should lead, so will be led
By small strong hands and wayward
feet,
Because they must not fare forlorn.
And if I go not who will keep
Your lips from poison, hands from
thorn?

And who will lay you down to sleep?
I that should lead, so will be led
By careless bonds that are most sweet;
Because they must not fare forlorn,
The small strong hands, the wayward
feet.

Under the hawthorns we will play,
(As you play now upon the grass),
And see new wonders everywhere;—
And all the flowers, like stars, will
shine,
And you shall wear them in your hair,

And I will wear some too, in mine.
Under the hawthorns we will play,
And watch the stately angels pass,
And see new wonders everywhere—
As you play now upon the grass.

Sylvia Lynd.

The Nation.

CONTENT AND ASPIRATION.

Thus far forth on the march I have
fared to a region of darkness;
Winds blow loudly and stern; pon-
dering, doubting I stand.

Yonder the plain of the homes of the
people, the streets of the city,

Masts on the smooth-flowing stream,
fields, and the charm of the cot:

There dwell the pleasures of love,
calm faith, sweet peace for the
lowly;

Daytime labor and wage; sleep is
the end of their toil.

There, too, the mean and the base,
souls lost in the marshes of Mam-
mon,

Blind-eyed slaves of the sense,
wreathed with the vapor of lies.

This is the Heroes' Gate, and the long,
long pass through the mountains,
Rugged and swept by the storms,
dim-lighted footing for one:

Ever the thundering surge of the tor-
rent is dashing across it,

Ruthless into its jaws sweeping the
bones of the dead.

Past the abysses, the crags, and the
hunger and cold of the mountains,
Gain we wider domains, nearer the
homes of the gods.

A.

ON BEACHY HEAD.

Gold of the gorse-hill, sapphire of the
sea!

Oh that such grace were granted unto
me

That cheaper than this vision I might
hold

A sea of sapphires and a hill of gold!
F. W. Bourdillon.

The Spectator.

WILL THE GOVERNMENT SURVIVE?

How stands it to-day with the Liberal Government? Will they survive to carry through their great schemes of legislation under the Parliament Act? Or have they, as so many critics tell us, taken some final, mortal hurt? Are they doomed to perish before reaping the harvest of next year?

Or again—even if they survive to see the Irish and Welsh Bills on the Statute Book—is that the limit of their vitality? Have they sufficient prospect of longevity to pass on to further efforts? To abolish the Plural Vote? To satisfy the need for better housing? To round off the Insurance problem, and make it an easy and popular security against sickness? Above all, to reform an obsolete land system, now almost the only surviving example of feudalism left in the whole wide world?

Or are we to regard the democratic impulse as for the moment exhausted, and on the eve of giving way to one of those phases of reaction which came to us between 1874-1880 and 1895-1905?

Those are the questions which are now filling the political atmosphere, and it is right and proper to face them courageously. For, indeed, the evidence is very conflicting. We cannot hope to learn anything from the party cries which fill the air. If we were to judge from the Tory Press, the Liberal Party is in a state of panic and dissolution; the Government are divided and distraught; the people are discontented and disillusioned; the death-rattle is in the throat of Liberalism. All we have to do is to wait for the inevitable end.

As proof of the validity of this belief they point to the by-elections. But the steady majorities on the Second

Readings of the great Government measures show that within the walls of Westminster the Government retain their strength almost unabated. In spite of their victories in the country, the Opposition make little way on any great issue in the House of Commons. On the main points of passing policy they seem to produce no impression either in debate or in division. On Tariff Reform they are silent. On foreign policy they can do little more than say "ditto" to Sir Edward Grey. On home affairs they have raised a confused and obscure cloud of criticism against the Insurance Act, but they have no alternative to a policy which, in its essence, is rather conservative than radical. On Home Rule they still have no alternative except to gamble on a rebellion which, if it should really come to fruition, may yet prove as perilous to the Tory Party of to-day as the Jacobite rebellions proved to the Tories of the eighteenth century. For if there is one thing plainly written across the page of British history, it is that the British people will not trust the reins of government to a party that favors and fosters rebellion.

Thus bankrupt in policy, the Opposition in the spring of this year accidentally achieved a fragment of ghoulish good fortune in one of these personal scandals which are the curse of politics. Starting early in 1912, a series of accusations affecting the honor and integrity of Ministers had been sedulously sown and cultivated by a combination of journalists. This combination varied from men who had the courage to make open charges to men who raised a doubt and hinted a suspicion, "willing to wound but afraid to strike." This last class, comprising the bulk of the Tory edi-

tors, gave to less responsible companions a respectable patronage, at first taken hesitatingly, but more and more pronounced as the months went on. It resembled the familiar Balkan combinations of regular armies and guerilla fighters. The "Bands" took the risks, and the armies stood by to reap the rewards. The Bands in this case knew that if they failed they would be repudiated, but that if they succeeded they would be richly paid. A strange crowd, these Bands—a medley of blue-blooded Tories and red-tied Socialists, of fiery partisans and breezy independents, of distinguished talent and assured genius, of the revengeful, the cynical, and the uncharitable, all the artistic and literary hangers-on of an alarmed upper class—combined in one fierce, venomous, poisonous onslaught on one lone man.

The original accusations—grave charges of corruption—completely broke down both in the Courts of Law and in the Committee appointed by the House of Commons to investigate them. They broke down in spite of the most frenzied efforts to support them in the Tory Press, and in spite of substantial financial assistance to the accusers from various members of the Opposition in the House of Commons.

But, as often happens in these cases, the long-drawn-out process of inquisition at last succeeded in extracting from the accused Ministers the admission of certain transactions which, while carelessly innocent in themselves, took on a portentous appearance of guilt in the feverish, garish atmosphere created by the campaign of calumny. It was as if a man had accused another of robbing his mother, and afterwards, in the midst of a desperate effort to prop up that baseless charge, accidentally came across the fact that the accused had borrowed a pound from his mother-in-law.

"That is, of course, what I meant," is often the ingenious comment of such an accuser; and it was the immediate and unanimous outcry of all the Marconi desperadoes after the voluntary disclosures of the Ministers in the *Matin* case.

The investment in American Marconis would probably, at another time and in another perspective, have been disposed of by a question and answer in the House of Commons. I can imagine such a reply, say, on a hot afternoon in June:—

"It is not true that any Ministers have invested in British Marconi shares. It is true that certain Ministers made some investments in the shares of the American Marconi Company, a separate company with a separate directorate and a separate sphere of work, and negotiating no contract with the British Government."

A murmur of cheers—a rustle of papers—and the House of Commons, entirely satisfied, passes on to the next question. Such might have been the size and content of this incident at any other season of political weather.

But the "atmosphere" had been created before the facts were divulged. One of the effects of the atmosphere, indeed, had been that it made divulgence peculiarly difficult and perilous. In face of the frenzied campaign of last year, every single fact assumed colossal proportions. Every disclosure was calculated not to extinguish, but to feed the fever. There are those who think that a full and candid statement in the October debate would have ended the matter. But is it not possible that it would have been hailed by all the accusing journalists—not then discredited—as a complete justification of their campaign? That the very act of divulgence might have been argued into a direct admission of guilt? For it is one monstrous effect of calumny that it seems to justify itself. Slander too often wears the

mask of justice. Like some of the tortures of the Middle Ages, it seems to crush its very victims into an illusion of their own guilt.

The divisions of the Marconi Committee deprived its three Reports of any real value, and the actual test and trial on the Marconi accusations came in the House of Commons debate on June 18th and 19th. The Ministers accused made frank and manly admissions of indiscretion, as indeed they easily might, for perhaps the most convincing proof of their moral innocence lay in a long series of indiscreet actions plainly incompatible with guilty intention.

It was expected by impartial men on both sides that these admissions—difficult enough for proud and spirited men—would have been met by corresponding generosity on the part of the Opposition. But those who argued thus underrated the malignity of the attack. They misconceived the objects of the assailants. Their own fairness blinded them. For the negotiations of the afternoon of June 19th rudely revealed the fact that the governing aim of the accusers was the resignation of Mr. Lloyd George.

They did not succeed in that object. With a slight drop—natural on a question of personal conduct—the majority of the House of Commons accepted the regrets and cleared the characters of the assailed Ministers. But the very failure to achieve their end has hardened the Marconi "Die-Hards."

The result will probably disappoint them. For in the end there is nothing so hateful to the British public as personal vindictiveness. Forced to decide between indiscretion on the one side and calumny on the other, the public will probably in the end lower their thumbs to calumny. Even Titus Oates, the king of scandal-mongers, came, after many victories, to a very bad end. So now, in spite of appear-

ances—one is forced to give a tribute to their successes—the policy of slander will not in the end triumph. It will not prove any more successful, in the final outcome, than the policy of anarchy in Ulster. Complicity with calumny will not in the end please the British people any better than compliance with crime.

The Insurance fight reveals the same orgy of short views and breathless hopes. No one ever expected National Insurance to be popular all at once. It took some time to make it popular in Germany, and it was twice rejected on referendum in Switzerland before it was finally adopted. But up to 1911 it was the common agreement of all politicians interested in the condition of the British people that National Insurance had to come. The principle of insurance was recommended by the Commissioners who signed the Majority Report of the Poor Law Commission as far back as 1909—Commissioners who included such moderate persons as Lord George Hamilton, Dr. C. S. Loch, Sir Samuel Provia, and the late Miss Octavia Hill. The only alternative to National Insurance, in fact, was that free national medical service towards which the Minority Report seemed to lean. That system would cost £25,000,000—a mere trifle for Socialists, but not easily to be found by the men who fought against the "People's Budget."

Something had to be done. For matters clearly could not stand where they were in 1911. The health of the people was steadily on the down grade. The Physical Deterioration Committee had revealed a perilous decline in national well-being. The reports on the condition of the children in our schools had shown that the evil had penetrated right into the homes of the people. It had been discovered that thirty per cent of the people driven upon our Poor Law came to that fate, not from

any fault of their own, but owing to unrelieved sickness. There was an actual dearth of doctors in the poorer districts of our large towns. In fact, the matter had gone so far that it had become actually difficult to obtain proper recruits for the Army, and the reports of the War Office were full of lamentations over the physical deterioration of the defenders of the country. Was that sort of thing to go on until the eyes of the country had been opened by some great national catastrophe? Surely it was the truest and bravest statesmanship to face it now, and at once.

Since this was the social situation that inspired the idea of National Insurance in that very small band of reformers who carried it on to the Statute-book, one would have expected that it would have been one of those questions—such as compensation for accidents—that would have lain outside the region of party. It was, indeed, the first instinct of both parties that this should be so, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer offered to the Opposition that they should form a sort of round table on this matter, and have access to Government departments equally with the Government itself. But as the days passed by one of those temptations arose which assail all great parties. National thrift entails compulsion, on the unthrifty, and compulsion—though urged by one party for the Army as much as by the other for Insurance—is never popular. Here was a chance of electoral gain. Perhaps the only way in which compulsion could have been rendered popular would have been by making the Insurance Act non-contributory. Debarred from that alternative, the Tories fell back on a series of perplexing and contradictory criticisms, without one trace of clear knowledge or clear thought. One day they would attack the Act for being compulsory,

and on the next day would ridicule the Government for the small number of voluntary contributors.¹ One day they would complain that one set of workmen were inside the Act, and on another they would indict, with equal vehemence, the infamy of leaving another set outside. Since the Act has been carried they have, in many cases, directed their hostility in the constituencies against the very provisions which they themselves included, as, for instance, the exemption of voluntary contributors with over £100 as income. In the by-elections they have not hesitated to appeal to every instinct of waste and thoughtlessness in the working-class, and they have recklessly offered to every class of insured persons benefits and advantages which would spell to the whole Insurance Fund immediate exhaustion and ruin. There has not been, in the whole history of British politics, a less scrupulous campaign, directed by less thought for the commonweal, or less regard for the true interests of the poor. "None for party and all for the State" used to be the great maxim of British statesmen when the country was dealing with such problems as those of education or health. But in this case the very same men who have recklessly accused Liberal statesmen of demagoguery are themselves practising that science in its very lowest forms, and preparing for themselves a battle-ground on which victory will lie, not with them, but with the loosest forms of predatory Socialism.

Such is the Opposition attack, discreditable indeed, but undoubtedly formidable. For in 1913 these people have learned cunning. They are no longer fighting on the issue of the House of Lords, although in theory they still maintain their hostility to

¹ These amount to only 20,800 (Mr. Masterman in the House of Commons, June 3rd), as against a possible 2,000,000, and a figure of 800,000 calculated by the Actuaries.

the Parliament Act. They no longer dwell at interminable length on the sanctity of land. On the contrary, they have anticipated the Liberals by a "sort of" land programme of their own, a scheme for propping up the feudal system in the country at the expense of the workman in the towns. They have given up the gay and giddy paradox of trying to persuade the people that the price of their food is going to be lowered by taxing it at the ports. Even the taxation of manufactured articles, though still theoretically on their programme, is now kept very much in reserve, and in the by-election of Altrincham the Unionist candidate openly boasted that he was "not such a fool" as to stand on Tariff Reform. The Tories no longer talk against the super-tax or the death duties, or maintain a railing opposition to the scheme of taxing human beings according to their riches rather than according to their poverty. That phase has gone by. They have abandoned all those positions, and the old well-known trenches of the Budget campaign lie empty in the sun, their shattered guns staring up at the indifferent heavens.

On the contrary, learning from the two General Elections of 1910, the Conservatives have dressed up a kind of sham "People's Programme" of their own. It is now their favorite amusement to turn against the insurance contribution all the artillery of the Budget League. Here is the "unjust tax"—this contribution of 4d. in supplement of 5d. from the employer and State—a contribution that fructifies in the beneficent rain of benefits for sickness, maternity, consumption, and disablement. But what does it matter? It has been the method of Toryism through all the ages to set up a mimicry of democracy. When they are selecting their weapons they generally choose the most showy and specious from the democratic

armory. As it is, at the present moment at every by-election you have the Tory candidate putting forward his plan of benefits without contributions and of houses without rents—all at the expense of the State—while the Liberal finds himself dwelling on little more than the virtues of thrift and order. It is Jack Cade over again, dressed this time in Tory motley. "There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops: and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass: and when I am King, as king I will be—"

But the question still is whether the people will, in answer, cry—"God save your Majesty!"

What will be the immediate results of this new revival in the Opposition? The first will be that the House of Lords will reject the Home Rule Bill a second time under the Parliament Act. All the talk of compromise, so active earlier in the year, is now at an end. The second will be that the Anglican bishops will advocate, and probably succeed in persuading the Opposition to adopt, the same policy in regard to Welsh Disestablishment. That Bill, too, will be rejected a second time by the Lords. Both the Irish and the Welsh will be met with the same eternal negative, and the Ulstermen will be—and indeed already have been—encouraged to redouble their threats and boastings on the theory that the by-elections show that they are already terrifying the British public.

But these results may have an immediate reaction on opinion. They may, indeed, begin at once the undoing of this new prosperity. For what is the present position? It is, if I judge it rightly, that the country is a little dissatisfied with the Govern-

ment and a little disturbed with the compulsory payments of the Insurance Act falling upon an extraordinarily low wage system, and to some extent inadequately repaid by a reluctant medical service. But this dissatisfaction comes no way near any desire to destroy the whole fabric of Liberal policy. It certainly brings us to this point—that if the Opposition were willing to compromise now over Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment, the country might easily wreak upon the Government an unreasonable vengeance for their grievances under the compulsory clauses of the Insurance Act. Such a result occurred in 1874 after three years' application of the Education Act of 1870, and it might occur again in 1914. For there are some fruits—like the pineapple—which, however “rare and refreshing” within, at first hide their refreshment behind a forbidding exterior. The passing of the Home Rule Bill would immediately reduce the Government majority by nearly fifty, and render it far more liable to the effects of this passing unpopularity of a great social reform.

But once more it seems probable that the Opposition will convert the misfortune of the Government into a blessing. For there are times when all Governments go slack and require an electric shock if they are to revive their powers. The furious onslaught of the last few weeks has given to the Liberal Party precisely that shock, while it has once more encouraged the Opposition to that point of foolish insolence which brought them the calamities of 1910. Burke once spoke about the “unpittied calamity” of falling for the second time into the same error, but that calamity is nothing to the unpittied folly of walking three times into the same trap. The undoing of the present Opposition lies in their contempt for their enemies. They

are like the Cavaliers at Edge Hill who advanced in their shirt-sleeves to attack the cuirassed Roundheads. A concession at any point—a willingness to pass one single big Liberal measure—would probably bring the Tories back. But they follow no policy except that of Pharaoh. They still refuse to recognize or remedy one single grievance of one single section of the great Coalition arrayed against them. As long as they keep up this uncompromising hostility to all these grievances at once, the Tories ensure the solidity of that Coalition, which, although it fills them with gusts of insane rage, is yet one of the mightiest achievements of modern Liberal statesmanship.

The probability, therefore, is that the Liberals will resist and overpower this present attack. They will probably—barring accidents, such as “snap” divisions—be victorious on the defensive. But will they be able to resume the aggressive? There lies their only chance. The strength of the Progressive movement in the country, both politically and socially, is so great that the real weakness of the Liberal Cabinet at the moment is that on certain lines it seems to have lost touch with the progressive feeling. At the end of 1912 the party as a whole were very much infected with a desire for repose. A prolonged Session had wearied the rank and file. By-elections were going well. Ministers were worn out with the piloting of a whole series of big Bills that had to be pushed through to avail them of the provisions of the Parliament Act. “Why not leave well alone?” was the general cry of the Lobbies. “Let Lloyd George keep quiet!” Temperance, Non-conformity, and Land Reform—all those supplicants were told that they must wait. The party must have a rest. Well, Mr. Lloyd George did keep quiet. Those great questions had a

rest. Temperance was shelved; Non-conformists were told by the Minister of Education that the religious question in the schools was insoluble; and the land reformers were given to understand that the last word on housing had been said by Mr. John Burns. What was the result? The Tory democrats, led by several guerilla chieftains who were not discovered by the Tory Front Bench, began to occupy the abandoned territory. The Tories began to tell the electors that theirs was the only land programme. They made a melodramatic show with a Housing Bill, which, whatever its faults, was certainly better than nothing. They even put forward a Bill for fixing the wages of agricultural laborers. There were signs that the Conservative ship had, in boatman's phrase, "taken our water;" they were finding the tidal way, and leaving the Liberal craft on the slack waters, a "painted ship upon a painted ocean."

But now all is changed. A by-election is a great schoolmaster, and there have been several such abroad in the land. The cry of discomfort from a badly-housed, under-paid peasantry will not cease just because Liberals are wearying of well-doing. The people cannot wait. Once more the Liberal Party has discovered that the law of its being must be always to go forward. The result has been most satisfactory. Cabinet Committees are now busy with schemes of education, of housing, of land reform. It is stated with some authority that the Board of Agriculture is preparing a scheme under which the State proposes to build 15,000 houses in the country districts, compulsorily purchasing the land at agricultural value. Mr. Lloyd George, this time urged on by the Party instead of being held back, and now at last extricating himself from the poisonous entanglement of Marconi slander, is preparing to

take the field. We may prophesy without any temerity that, when once these practical schemes come to birth, all the mimic shadows of Tory reform will disappear. A stern, true test will be applied to the lath and plaster democracy of the Opposition.

Yet another prophecy may be made. As soon as the Liberals have these aims clearly defined before them, a new spirit will come over them. It will be as it was with the army of Israelites in the desert when a pillar of fire was appointed to lead them through the night. A clear policy, clearly defined, with the mighty object of making this country a better and nobler living ground for the people—"a treasure ground for the people and not a pleasure ground for the rich"—will rally the Party to new efforts and new triumphs.

It may be, therefore, that even yet the Tories will find that they have missed their opportunity. They may again be betrayed by their old error of insolence. Yet again, they may see in the Liberal ranks a revival that may sweep away the megrims of the moment, and restore the fighting power for a final triumph.

In that great elegiac poem, "Rugby Chapel," Matthew Arnold describes in sublime vision the host of mankind marching across the rocks of the world and all the troubles that come to them in that march—

"Sore thirst plagues them, the rocks,
Rising all round, overawe;
Factions divide them, their host
Threatens to break, to dissolve."

Meditating on that journey he cries out—advice that might now be cried on the housetops to the Coalition—

"Ah, keep, keep them combined!"

And then Arnold describes how such an hour in the need of the human race is the true chance for leadership. It is from such depressions and troubles that leaders are sent to save us.

"Then, in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye, like angels, appear,
Radiant with ardor divine!
Beacons of hope, ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van! At your voice,
Panic, despair, flee away.
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, reinspire the brave!
Order, courage, return.

The Contemporary Review.

Eyes rekindling, and prayers,
Follow your steps as ye go."

Applying that inspired utterance to the more precise matters of political strife, it may be said that in the struggle that lies before the Liberal Party the most essential need is strong leadership. With such leadership—and there are men in the present Cabinet who are able to give it—who can doubt that we shall not merely survive, but conquer?

Harold Spender.

THE CHINESE DRAMA, YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

"Once upon a time, so long ago that even the Chinese were a young people, there lived in the far west of the Middle Kingdom a Herdsman and a Spinning Maiden. And the love which each bore for the other was so deep and steadfast that Kwanyin, the Merciful Goddess, looked down from High Heaven in compassion of their love. For so soon as the span of their earthly life was closed she bore them to the heavens and set each in an island of the Silver River (which we moderns call the 'Milky Way'). And the Merciful One decreed that once in every seven years all the magpies in the world should assemble and, with outspread wings, should link island to island that the lovers might meet in renewal of their undying vows."

I.

Immortal as the love of the Herdsman and the Spinning Damsel is the legend itself. Today in China no self-respecting theatrical company would omit to include a variant in its repertoire. It is to be witnessed in the great modern theatres in Shanghai; on the rustic stage of a country village; in the puppet-show at the street-corner; and I have heard it sung by itinerant musicians far up the Yangtsze River. For, indirectly, here lies the origin of the Chinese Drama. And if the next link

in the chain is not historically so strong as it might be, at least the story will serve for its romance.

Perhaps the best trait in the character of the Emperor Huan Tsung (A. D. 753) was his affection for the Princess Yang Kueifei, the lady whom he made his wife. And the story runs that she declared her love one evening as they stood upon the Magpie Bridge (so-called) in the gardens of the Imperial Palace.

The Princess, moved by tender recollections of the old legend—for it was the festival night of the anniversary—protested that she, at least, would be even more faithful in her love than was the Spinning Maiden. So enchanting did she appear to him that the Emperor promptly offered his hand, heart and throne; which were as promptly accepted.

Now Huan took counsel with his Prime Minister how he might devise some particularly ingenious and novel form of entertainment with which to please his bride.

"Let us collect," said the Premier, "some of the noblest and most graceful of the youths about the Court. We will dress them in becoming robes, and I will search the historical records and instruct them how to recite the narra-

tives of the illustrious deeds of your Majesty's Imperial ancestors."

The entertainment was duly "presented" in a gorgeous pavilion amidst blossoming fruit-trees, and was, needless to remark, an instantaneous success. In fact, so successful was it that the Emperor decreed the institution of a Guild, or College of Dramatic Art, and named it "The Guild of the Young Folks of the Pear Garden." For his reward the Minister was thereafter able to boast that his great-grandfather had been ennobled.

Some authorities declare that the origin of the Chinese Drama is to be found in the marionette-shows which are so popular throughout China. Incidentally, it may be remarked that a variant of our own "Punch and Judy" show, but without dog Toby, is constantly to be met with in China, not only in the large towns, but in country districts. But "The Young Folks of the Pear Garden" did in reality exist, and the term is still sometimes applied to actor folk. Unfortunately, it must be recorded that the Young Folks have sadly degenerated, until to-day the calling is regarded as the most contemptible one a man can follow.

And at once we meet with the inevitable paradox—inevitable when things are treated of. For the Drama is not only one of the most interesting and outstanding features in the social life of the Chinese, it is also pre-eminently the one form of national amusement. Curious that the subject has been almost entirely neglected by those who set out to record their impressions of economic conditions which obtain amongst that most fascinating race.

From the earliest records we read that dancing and singing by trained performers were exceedingly popular; and it must be remembered that the Historical Record dates from 2698 B. C.

But it was not until A. D. 1250 that the real Drama began to flourish. Practically contemporaneous with our own first Shakespearean productions a collection of one hundred plays, dealing with the period of the Mongol Emperors, was published in China; and in 1845 we have another collection catalogued under no fewer than sixty headings.

Any attempt to institute comparisons between the Chinese Drama and that of other countries is well-nigh as futile as to hope to describe the Chinese people by means of a reference to such characteristics as are well known attributes of other Eastern nations. To say, for instance, that the Drama in China is as important a feature of the national life as it was in ancient Greece is to convey a very inadequate conception of the hold which it retains over all classes in the Empire, and of its power as an educational force. Its use in connection with religious rites and observances may be comparatively infrequent, and yet it is something more than the chief form of amusement.

In making a comparison with the Greek Drama, to which it is in several ways analogous, one most important point of difference, in the treatment of religion, may be briefly noted—and the remark applies equally to the literature of the two nations. The Greek Drama contains many passages wherein the gods were introduced upon the stage and not infrequently exposed to possible ridicule for their moral failings. In the large number of plays dealing with mythological subjects which I chance to have seen in China the treatment has been entirely free from any suggestion of levity. Indeed, such methods would be in direct contravention to the doctrines of Confucius, and so incomprehensible to a people who owe their existence throughout the ages as a great nation to their reliance

upon moral, as opposed to physical, forces.

On the other hand, a form of drama based upon the lines of the mediæval mystery play would be equally incomprehensible to the Chinese mind owing to the nature of his religion, of which his conception is as vague as are his ideas of details of European civilization.

There is, however, one point of strong resemblance between the Chinese and Greek Dramas, in that both are essentially lyrical. In moments of strong emotion music in some form or other is added to the spoken word, the actor in many cases breaking into song; and the orchestra, as every tourist knows, is by no means the least important factor in a Chinese theatre.

Beyond this bare fact it is almost impossible to speak with any certainty of the value of the old Chinese dramas as literature. Even so eminent an authority upon things Chinese as Dr. Arthur H. Smith confesses with regret his inability to speak from first hand knowledge owing to the unintelligible dialect adopted by the actors and the inordinate length of the plays.¹ This, however, as will presently appear, is subject to modification in the drama of to-day.

At this point it may be well to indicate the precise significance of the title of this paper, to distinguish between "yesterday" and to-day" as applied to the Chinese Drama. Throughout China, in every district untouched by the advent of Western civilization, one may witness theatrical representations performed under the exact conditions which have obtained for centuries past. Just as one may set foot

within the walls of a native city and realize that the life all around is the counterpart of that which existed there when King David reigned at Jerusalem. It is the Drama of "To-day" no less than that of "Yesterday." But in Hongkong, Tientsin, and particularly in Shanghai, a new native Drama has arisen, founded upon the manner of the West, and performed in modern, foreign-style theatres. Here is the Drama of "To-day."

Before we consider the effects which Western civilization has had upon the Stage in China, it will be of interest to indicate, however briefly, the part played by the Drama in the national life and the nature of the productions outside the spheres of European influence—in other words, the "Drama of Yesterday."

The theatre, then, is pre-eminently the national form of amusement and recreation, whether the stage is one of the most modern type, or whether it is no more than a "fit-up" in a remote country village. Where cheap reprints of works of fiction, an "Everyman's Library," or even news-sheets are unknown, the Stage has been practically the current literature of the Chinese. Through its medium are taught the life-stories of men and women famous in the Empire's history; Emperors, statesmen and soldiers once again make their great speeches or fight their mighty battles for the pleasure of the "learned scholar or the illiterate rustic." Chinese history, surely one of the most absorbing in the stories of the nations—and yet practically unknown save to a small circle of students—is rich in dramatic incidents which are capable of vivid re-enactment in the theatre. And yet, as a distinguished writer has pointed out, "The representation of historical events, by Chinese theatres, may be said to be one of the greatest obstacles to the acquisition of historical knowl-

¹ I venture to think that Dr. Smith is in error in attributing such length to the Chinese Historical dramas. The fallacy is a common one, and arises from the fact that instead of one long play lasting for several days, a company will perform a series of short one-act incidents. The treatment of these is so similar that the foreign spectator may readily be excused for imagining them to be one continuous drama.

edge by the people." The reason for this seeming paradox is doubtless to be found in the fact that the plays do not necessarily deal with the incidents from an historically accurate standpoint, but rather from a sense of dramatic effect. For instance, in one well-known and popular play, "The Golden-Leafed Chrysanthemum," there occurs the curious anachronism of an invading army halting at its enemies' frontiers to wait until the general who is to defeat them shall be born and grow up.

It remains, however, that the historical play is first favorite with the Chinese; a fact which, after all, is but in harmony with the Chinese reverence for the classics and the antique in every shape and form, whether their own ancestors or a piece of Ming porcelain. Until the close of the nineteenth century the classics constituted practically the only form of education in the schools. It is also worthy of note that under the *régime* of the late dynasty all historical dramas dealing with the Manchu period were sternly forbidden. It is in the historical and mythological drama that the actor "struts his brief hour" most proudly. The elaborate costumes which are worn contribute largely to the effect which he produces, and to the feeling of awe which he inspires in the minds of his illiterate audiences. In the best class of theatre the wardrobe is a most costly one, being valued, perhaps, at so much as £1,800, while even in the lower-class houses the value may approximate a half of this sum. On the other hand, scenery and "properties" are usually conspicuous by their absence, save in the foreign Treaty Ports or other spheres of foreign influence. Here the appointments are surprisingly up to date, even to such realistic effects as snow and thunder storms and revolving stages—the latter probably re-acquired from the Japanese.

But while any actual scenic effect is so frequently lacking, the actors will not fail bravely to attempt some dramatic illusion. A mountain pass will be represented by a heap of chairs and tables piled upon the stage, and the effect produced by a general leading his army through obstacles which might well have puzzled Hannibal in the Alps to surmount with dignity may easily be imagined. I have seen a mounted (!) messenger gallop madly on to the stage, dismount and hand his imaginary horse to a groom. Not a smile amongst his audience to indicate that, in their opinion at least, it was other than a brilliant *tour de force*.

The Cook's tourist who travels up the China coast usually visits a Chinese theatre at Hongkong or Shanghai—or more frequently his experience is derived merely from China Town in San Francisco. It is only within the last three years that a native theatre upon the European plan has been built in Shanghai. He finds himself in a barn of a building, seated at a little table, and surrounded by a crowd of Chinese, who appear to regard tea-drinking and chatter as the sole object of their presence there, for they mostly sit with their backs to the stage. Declining the tea and hot, damp towel which are immediately forthcoming, he will doubtless light his strongest cigar and turn his attention to the performance. Through a deafening noise from the drums and gongs, and to a continuous obligato by the "wry-necked fife," the actors, on a stage bare of scenery, speak their parts in a curious falsetto voice and, as remarked above, in some form of dialect which must be unintelligible to the greater part of the audience. Indeed, the acting seems to consist in a succession of curious postures and dramatic attitudes, varied by, apparently, meaningless processions of "supers" in brilliant robes. Such is

the presentation of an historical play; nor is it to be wondered at that the foreigner, after twenty minutes of such an experience, should come to regard the Chinese theatre as one of the most exquisite forms of torture which even the Chinese have ever invented.

The other class of play which has a great vogue in China is the "modern drama." This treats of incidents of every-day life, and of such familiar scenes as the particular audience will most readily appreciate. The wit of it is at times somewhat Rabelaisian, but apparently this in no way detracts from the enjoyment of the audience. The Chinese have the keenest sense of humor; and it needs but the poorest attempt at a joke on the part of a stranger immediately to establish the most friendly relations. Naturally, the spirit of a modern play is more readily entered into than is the case with an historical one. The enjoyment of the latter is tempered by a feeling of awe and reverence for the mighty dead: the *dramatis personæ* of the former are men and women who may be met with at any time in the original.

Apart from this there is the difference in method of presentation. Whilst the historical play holds the more important position from the nature of the subjects of which it treats, its presentation involves a far greater expenditure, upon costumes and so forth, than does the modern drama. Hence the latter is to be met with the more frequently. The performance of the modern play is more simple and straightforward; there is less of the blaring orchestra, the actors speak more intelligibly, and, further, the plot of the play is very frequently printed in a cheap form and sold broadcast. In fact, as it may now be witnessed at the large, foreign-style theatres, with excellent acting, this kind of play can prove a source of an enjoyable hour's entertainment even to a for-

eigner who knows nothing of the language. Such conditions cannot, however, often be met with away from the great towns. The sleepy interior, despite the universal $\frac{3}{4}$ d. postage and the vaunted dissemination of Reuter's telegrams, still clings tenaciously to its drama of "yesterday."

For the sake of completeness a brief digression may here be permissible into the characteristics of Chinese dramatic incidental music, a form of the art more maligned by foreigners than any other. The subject is more fully dealt with elsewhere.¹ So far as I can ascertain it appears to consist of two kinds—*Erh-wang*, used in the domestic drama, with an orchestra of flutes and strings, drums and gongs, and *Pang-tzu* used in martial and historical scenes, with a similar orchestra, but without wood-wind. By the character of the music, the changes of tempo, &c., the regular theatre-goer knows exactly what action to expect upon the stage. He can tell to a nicety whether the general and his army are going to be victorious or not; whether the village Romeo will be happily united to the maiden of his choice or will suffer a lingering death at the hands of the local apothecary. Pioneers in most things, the Chinese would certainly seem fully justified in placing "programme music" also to their credit. But what is more curious still is the fact that in one modern drama at least I noticed the constant use, in varying forms, of a three or four bar phrase, in the form of a genuine *leit-motif*, to accentuate a dramatic situation.

Such, then, are the principal points of difference in the mode of performance. The possibilities of the drama in China as a medium of education will be apparent; and a brief consideration of some of the occasions

¹ "The Chinese and their Music." *Musical Times*, September, 1912.

seized upon by the Chinese for theatrical performances will render them still more so.

In the first place it must be remembered that the Chinese have practically no form of public amusement, and that outside the large towns there is nothing from one year's end to another, save a rare feast day or fair, to which the people can look forward. The interest created by the advent in a village of a company of strolling players can only most inadequately be compared to the exuberance of spirits displayed by the children before the curtain rises on Boxing Day at Drury Lane pantomime.

To say that the village is *en fête* is far short of the mark. For weeks before hand the whole neighborhood is in a fever of excitement. Open house and unbounded hospitality are the order of the day. And no light matter this, for all the relatives of the family, bringing with them all their children, not to mention stray acquaintances whom they may pick up on the way, descend like a swarm of bees upon their hapless hosts. Probably their hosts will be the only ones who do not see the play, "guests and thieves occupy all their time."

The great day arrives at last. Before the sun is up all the small boys of the village together with, it would seem, every stray mongrel in the province, crowd out to the creek-path to welcome the players. You picture the distinguished actor-manager staggering along, at the head of his tatterdemalion company, laden with the more valuable articles of wardrobe or "property list." Arriving, with his escort, at the selected and most suitable ground—for choice in the middle of the busiest thoroughfare—he at once proceeds to superintend the erection of the stage. Nor is he above turning his hand to the nice adjustment of a plank or the levelling of the

proscenium bamboos. Soon the hour arrives for "making up," and as this is one of the most interesting features of the entertainment (for it all takes place in public), the crowd assumes phenomenal proportions. Stout old gentlemen crawl under the staging and good-humoredly bump their heads in the endeavor to share in the delights of a peep behind the scenes. One mischievous urchin will seize a gaudy tinsel crown and clap it on his head to the admiring applause of others less daring.

And so the play begins; a feast of dramatic fare which easily outvies in its variety the efforts of the old "stock" companies of the "sixties" with their five plays a night. From nine in the morning to sunset one follows close upon another, the "whole to conclude," as the play-bills have it, "with a grand harlequinade for the children." At least, it is something very like it, and equally appreciated by the small folk. The lanterns are lighted, the stage is pulled down and packed up, and our actor-manager and his company vanishes into the mists of the rice-fields, on his way to the next village, before the last fire-cracker has exploded.

Every possible opportunity is taken by the Chinese to secure a theatrical performance of some kind. The mandarin or wealthy merchant will pay his guest the highest honor by engaging a company to perform after dinner. The tender mercies of the local deity who presides over the rice-harvest will be invoked, or grateful thanks will be returned, by means of a suitable play. The successful issue of a law-suit will be commemorated, and re-enacted on the boards. Anything and everything serves for an excuse. Perhaps it is no more than that a sum of public money is to be disposed of; a new bridge over a creek, a larger schoolhouse are urgently

needed, but to waste money upon such material improvements by which the public will benefit would appear absurd to the Chinese, and so the best theatrical company obtainable is engaged.

Any consideration, however brief, of the condition of the Drama in China would be incomplete without some reference to the status of the actor. In South China young boys are purchased for the profession from their parents, or maybe they are foundlings. These serve a six years' apprenticeship, and their subsequent success depends upon their own efforts. They may eventually, perhaps, purchase their freedom. Rarely does one find that a young man possessing real ability or an exceptional voice will enter the profession of his own freewill. A good theatrical company may number a hundred, and the salaries range from \$30 to \$6,000 (say £15 to £3,000) per annum.³ Those rare actors who can play the female parts really well command very high terms.

As is well known, actors are regarded with the greatest contempt by all classes of society. Their children are precluded from entering the examinations for the literary degrees, nor may they hold Government offices. As to the reasons for this curiously contradictory state of affairs, considering the popularity of the Drama, it is almost impossible to hazard a suggestion. Probably they are to be found in the lives of the actors themselves, for they are very frequently scoundrels of the lowest type, generally confirmed opium-smokers, and they usually die penniless and starving. It may be thought that before any attempt is made to educate the people by means of the Drama some reforms should be instituted in connection with the status

³ The accuracy of the latter figure appears to me to be open to question, but it is vouched for by several sound authorities. Danjuro, the famous Japanese actor, would earn at least £2,000 per annum.

of the actor. But the dividing-line between the public and private life of the players is so strongly marked that the necessity is not so great as it appears to be.

The morals of the actress do not enter into the question, for all women's parts are played by men, and most effectively, too. There is, however, in China one theatre at least where all the parts are played by women. That it is within the jurisdiction of an enlightened foreign Municipal Council probably accounts for its existence. But any attempt at mixed performances is foredoomed to failure, even in that progressive settlement. Two or three years ago overtures in this direction were made by an enterprising manager, but upon receipt of a strong protest from the local Chinese magistrate the Council refused to sanction the performance. The leading journal of the native Press at the same time "deplored the downward trend of Chinese morals in the settlement (as instanced by the above application), in the view that other applications for mixed performances would be made and that, if allowed, such must have a decidedly demoralizing effect upon Chinese morals."

II.

But if this is the present-day attitude of the native residents in a great port under foreign control towards a progressive policy in the *personnel* of their theatres, the modernization, according to Western ideas, of the buildings and plays is equally surprising.

In Shanghai alone there have recently been built, under the supervision of firms of foreign architects, three large theatres upon European lines, while another is projected for Hongkong. Of these the second largest can seat an audience of more than 2,000, each individual, as the English or American manager delights in

stating, "having an uninterrupted view of the stage." It is built upon the two-tier principle, and the upper circle appears to be exactly similar to that at the Queen's Hall, London. The first circle is divided up into boxes to hold six, with small tables or ledges for tea, sweetmeats, and fruit. The stage differs but little from an European one save that the "apron," or part which projects beyond the proscenium, is much larger and is fitted with an extra curtain. Upon this the action of the play is carried on without "waits" upon the principle adopted in Mr. Oscar Ashe's production of *Kismet*, and, more recently, by Mr. Granville Barker at the Savoy Theatre. The depth of the stage is sufficient to allow a cinematograph lantern (such exhibitions are as popular in China as in London) to be placed behind the screen instead of in the front of the house. This particular theatre is generally used for big historical plays of a spectacular nature, acrobats, or a variety entertainment.

During the past year a still larger building has been opened in Shanghai. This has a seating capacity of 2,250, apportioned, to the pit 1,200, dress circle 600, and gallery 450. In fact, the theatre itself is somewhat larger than the London Hippodrome. There is a roof-promenade to which two lifts convey would-be tea-drinkers. Every precaution against fire that ingenuity can suggest has been adopted. To the gallery alone there are four exterior fire-escapes, besides other emergency exits; and all interior staircases can be cut off from the main building by means of special doors. For those interested in the subject it may be added that the three frontages of the theatre measure respectively 175, 202, and 260 feet.

While the method of presentation of the historical and mythological drama continues very much upon the same

lines as those of "yesterday"—with, perhaps, considerably more elaboration through the application of Western inventions and stage devices—in the direction of the modern, or social, drama a most remarkable change is taking place. It is impossible at present to gauge the effect upon the native audiences, for the Chinese point of view remains a closed book to the foreigner. But that this progressive policy, if persevered in, will prove far-reaching in its effects and influence no one who has studied Chinese social questions can doubt.

As illustrations of this reform a brief account may be given of two theatrical performances in particular recently witnessed. One was a performance by an amateur dramatic club from Peking of a translation of Hall Caine's *The Bondman*; the other was a modern native comedy performed by professionals at one of the above-mentioned theatres in Shanghai. It is worthy of remark that in neither of these cases was any serious attempt made to attract the foreign visitor, so that it may be presumed that the plays were produced in the ordinary course of business to cater for native tastes.

The Bondman was performed somewhat upon the same lines as those of the English play of that name. It is impossible to say whether the translation was well or ill done, but at least an honest attempt was made to reproduce the English—or is it Manx?—atmosphere. Certainly there were no live-stock on the stage, no real cow to be milked—an almost insurmountable difficulty—but one scene gave a very creditable presentment of a farmhouse, a "practicable" set which would have served upon a small London stage. The mixture of costumes was somewhat incongruous. The hero, for instance, wore a kind of golfing-suit of thick velveteen, and elastic-side boots, his queue concealed under a brown

wig; while the heroine was in ordinary native dress. But the diction was remarkably clear, for a Chinese stage, and the acting was thoroughly earnest and straightforward. There were occasional lapses into "pidgin English" or French, but these were probably in untranslatable portions of the dialogue. There was also a small orchestra, with foreign instruments, announced as a portion of (the late) Sir Robert Hart's famous band. This supplied incidental music at more or less appropriate intervals.

That such a play should have been presented under such conditions, and to a purely native audience, even in a foreign settlement, is one of the most remarkable instances of the progressive tendencies of thought amongst young China in the capital. It is understood that the same amateur company has in course of preparation a number of other plays, all of which will be adapted from British, French, or German sources. Sir Arthur Pinero's *Iris* should suit the company to a nicety. In a short chat which I had with the secretary of the club, I inquired whether Bernard Shaw would appeal to a Chinese audience, and suggested *Man and Superman* in its entirety. The reply was apt and convincing. Lapsing for the moment into "pidgin" English, he answered with a smile, "that man he no savee what thing b'long plover (proper) play: he makee too muchee bobbery, too muchee talkee."

The modern comedy performed under professional auspices, and it was no isolated case, gave, in its way, as significant a proof of the adoption of Western ideas as did the amateur performance. A Chinese company in Shanghai has erected a commodious theatre of foreign design on the Chinese Bund, outside the sphere of foreign administration. It is built upon lines similar to that described

above, the seating capacity being not quite so great. Here are performed modern Chinese plays, short dramatic incidents of a mythological or historical nature, seasoned now and again with a cinematograph exhibition or a troupe of jugglers. The particular play referred to had for its subject the farcical adventures of a yokel from some country district visiting a large town. The jest is an ancient one, but the treatment throughout was as novel and delicious as one could wish for. With but imperfect knowledge of the language it was possible to follow the action, almost the dialogue, with thorough enjoyment. The orchestra was not in evidence; the actors, except those who had to adopt a falsetto for the female parts, spoke in a natural voice, and by facial expression and suitable gesture, and by really sound acting, succeeded in keeping the audience in a continual state of merriment. The stage-management was more than adequate, and the changes of scene, which were very frequent, were admirably and quickly contrived. Unlike the Japanese stage, the revolving platform is not used for such changes.

As may be imagined, topical questions offer a never-ending source from which the skilful Chinese playwright may derive his plots, and it is significant that such appeal very strongly to a native audience. It is unfortunate that plays of this nature have been so frequently utilized as media for presenting the doings of the foreigner in China in as unfavorable a light as possible, and it is only necessary to recall the plays which were written round incidents in the Boxer trouble to realize how serious a menace they may prove to be. It must be remembered that but a very short distance from the great ports, the main trade routes, the railways, or isolated mission-stations, the foreigner is prac-

tically unknown. Consequently, the wildest stories are current amongst the country-folk as to his weird appearance, his curious habits and customs, all of which are incomprehensible to the native mind. In plays he is invariably represented as the most repulsive being, hideous as the most grotesque Chinese idol; and the native, with dim visions of the wild barbarian invaders whom his ancestors were continually called upon to repel, is only too ready to believe that this is but another generation of the same stock which is seeking to gain a footing in his country.

One instance may be given of the treatment on the Chinese stage of current events. The evils of opium smoking, a question always with us, were brought prominently forward by the International Opium Commission which sat at Shanghai in February, 1909, and by the methods instituted by the Shanghai Municipal Council for the gradual suppression of the opium dens within its administrative district. It is not surprising that the occasion was seized to produce a play on the subject, but it is interesting to note the form it took.

A close analogy is to be found in a play, adapted from the French, called *Drink*, which won a considerable measure of public support in England during recent years, mainly due, perhaps, to the remarkable impersonation of the hero by the late Charles Warner. It will be remembered that this play traced the moral and physical decline of a man under the ever-increasing influence of alcoholic liquor until a horrible death supervened. In the same way the "Opium Play" treated of the downward career of a well-to-do Chinese merchant who contracted the opium habit, and its effect upon his family was realistically set forth in the well-known Chinese manner. His little son was poisoned by anti-opium pills,

his wife died of shock, his mother of grief, his accountants set fire to his house, obtained the insurance money and decamped, and so on, until the last scene of the tragedy showed the lowest depths of his degradation in a beggar's hut, and the attempt, crowned with success, of an American missionary to save him. In producing this play the management certainly made a bid for the support of foreign residents and visitors—a gala performance was given to the delegates of an American commercial congress—by printing a synopsis of the plot in English; but there can be no doubt that it was primarily intended for Chinese audiences.

A residence in China for half a century does not qualify a man to speak with any authority of that wonderful race; he can but record his impressions. To generalise is impossible, for what is true of the South is untrue of the North, the dialect and customs of one province are unknown in an adjoining one.

The Chinese are a nation of play-actors from the highest Government official to the ricksha coolie in the street. It is a land of "make-believe." The doctrine of "face" is of paramount importance in all business and social relations. The Chinese lives and acts upon a stage of his own erection from his earliest years to the day of his death. He makes of his every-day life a spectacular drama, and it matters not that his audience is no larger than his own family circle or the little village community. And while his own life is such, his appreciation of the same characteristic in his friends and acquaintances is none the less sincere. It is universally recognized, unconsciously perhaps, that a man's worth must be estimated at the valuation which he himself places upon it. In Western lands the abstract idea may occasionally be upheld for the sake of mere politeness, but in China

It is a concrete reality and a first principle in the moral education of every individual.

And with this synopsis of the Chinese Drama of "yesterday" and "to-day" may I, in conclusion, hazard a suggestion, a forecast it may be, as to the Drama of "to-morrow." Recalling the well-born platitude of the value of the stage as an educational

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force, is it not reasonable to assert the conviction that, in view of the firm hold which the Chinese Drama maintains over all classes of the people, the reform party have within their hands one of the most powerful and effective of weapons with which to inculcate upon this great nation those doctrines which they profess themselves so anxious to expound?

A. Corbett-Smith.

COLOR-BLIND.

BY ALICE PERRIN.

CHAPTER XV.

To the Fleetwood's disgust this, their second Christmas in England, arrived in thoroughly old-fashioned order. Heavy snow fell and weighted the branches of the trees and shrubs, lay freezing immovably on the roofs and along the gates and pailings: the sky resembled grey cotton wool, and a bleak silence brooded everywhere. Pipes froze, boilers burst, provisions arrived too late, or were not delivered at all. General inconvenience prevailed.

At Combe Down it could hardly be regarded as a merry season, for, in addition to domestic disasters due to the severe cold, as well as its shrivelling effect on Anglo-Indian susceptibilities, Mr. Fleetwood was far from well, if not seriously ill. Influenza had aggravated his cough, and left him in a melancholy humor, which, unused as he was to the handicap of ill-health, he seemed powerless to combat. And, in a mood foolishly perverse, he had brought about a relapse by going out before sanction to do so had been wrung from the doctor.

Therefore Christmas Day found Mr. Fleetwood in bed, exceedingly annoyed because he was unable to dine with the Bullens that night, and irate with his wife because she refused to leave

him to accompany the girls to the dinner party.

"He won't do a thing he's told," Marion complained to Mrs. Bullen when she and her sister arrived in the drawing-room, "and he's so cross and unlike himself. He behaves exactly as if it were all our fault—his being ill!"

"He's fretting," said Mrs. Bullen.

"What for?" inquired Marion, inclined to be aggrieved.

"For something to do that would interest him, and also for the jungle, my dear."

Marion protested. "But he's had a lifetime of interesting work and sport. He can't expect to live at home as he lived in India. None of us can!" she added ruefully. "Look at Colonel Bullen, —he's perfectly contented."

Mrs. Bullen did look at her husband, standing spruce and spare with his back to the fireplace in the room full of guests awaiting the announcement of dinner.

"You can't compare the two men," was her answer. She knew how entirely different was his nature from that of John Fleetwood. He did not pine for the riding and the shooting because, though not a "muff," he was no sportsman at heart. Any form of exercise satisfied him, even the dull

tramps he took along suburban roads, tramps on which John Fleetwood refused unhesitatingly to accompany him. Colonel Bullen said these walks kept him in health and cost him nothing but shoe leather. Then he was a card player, though nothing of a gambler, whereas cards without fairly high stakes bored Mr. Fleetwood, for which reason he now did not play at all. As for work, Colonel Bullen was always busy over local councils, boards, and committees, enjoying such voluntary duties, unaffected by association with colleagues whose methods would have exasperated Mr. Fleetwood beyond all power of self-control.

Marion said no more on the subject; but that night when she looked into the sick room on her return from the Bullens' Christmas dinner party, the words of her mother's old friend repeated themselves in her brain.

The bedroom was of an orthodox English type,—a flower-patterned wall paper and carpet, light oak furniture, dark serge curtains now close drawn before the bow window: a gleaming brass bedstead whereon lay Mr. Fleetwood with closed eyes, breathing rather noisily. Mrs. Fleetwood sat by the fire in her dressing gown. She held up her hand as Marion stole in.

"He's asleep," she whispered, "but I'm afraid he's very feverish."

Perhaps the slight movements reached his consciousness. He stirred in his sleep and muttered. The two women watched him anxiously.

He spoke again, said something about an office file and a report,—then murmured intermittently of guns and game. In his dreams he lived again the life that was gone from his reach for ever; perhaps now in fancy he was perched on a platform in a tree, waiting for snuffing, prowling noises below; perhaps swaying in a howdah through seas of dry grass the height of a man; perhaps watching for the

duck and wild geese to come overhead at sunset . . .

Marion listened. Her throat throbbed, tears rose to her eyes. Now she understood what Mrs. Bullen meant,—she realized, in those moments, her father's hankering for the old days; the restiveness, repressed so valiantly, against the cramped, villa existence of the present; the limitations, the sense of stifelement and captivity. She perceived how his whole being must miss the freedom, the power, the responsibility that had been to him as second nature throughout his adult years. How cruelly hard must have been the wrench, the change, the "Combe Down" literally to a house in a row of other houses: just the daily visits to the Club, the return home to a diary of domestic vexations,—all the lack of means, and recreation, and sport.

Presently he awoke, inquired drowsily of Marion about the Bullens' party, swallowed with resignation the dose of medicine his wife at once measured out for him, and fell into a peaceful sleep.

John Fleetwood never got up again. There followed a period of suspense and fear; then, in January, he died, quietly, without question, as obeying orders from headquarters,—died with a smile on his lips, and peace on his face, and happy memories in his mind.

Just at the last he asked "Emily" if it would bother her to find out if Gunga had put everything ready?—just to see that the boxes of cartridges had not been forgotten? "I want to start on the march very early in the morning," he said, as though in apology for troubling her, "and I must get to sleep as soon as possible."

He went to sleep, and started very early in the morning, marching to regions of freedom and space and light everlasting.

The next few months moved evenly, without particular incident for the widow and her daughters. They re-

mained on in the house at Norbledon, though Marion made a desperate bid for a flat in London. Mr. Fleetwood's pension perforce was gone, but they found themselves in no worse circumstances than during his lifetime. The sons of course no longer looked for help, and the pensions of Mrs. Fleetwood and the three girls, together with a modest sum of insurance money, sufficed to keep the household in ordinary ease. It all continued much as before, save that Mrs. Fleetwood became a little querulous, rather drab-colored physically and mentally. She lost to a great extent her cheerful complacency, and might have sunk into a spiritless apathy had it not been for Fanny Bullen, who contrived to see her old friend daily, advised her in financial as well as in domestic matters, insisted that she should take a reasonable amount of exercise, and made every endeavor to stimulate her interest in life.

After the first period of mourning was over Marion went abroad with Mrs. de Wick, who had been ill. Isabel devoted herself to her mother, and Fay, after completing her course of secretarial training, secured a temporary post in the office of an illustrated weekly paper, which kept her occupied from morning till night. It seemed as if the Fleetwood family had drifted into some still backwater, as if the present order of affairs might continue indefinitely, without alteration or disturbance.

Then spring came, a late spring, that was more like a precocious summer, forcing buds and blossoms into bloom, filling the air with clean, sweet fragrance, converting commonplace suburban gardens into fairy enclosures with lilac and laburnum, forget-me-nots, wall-flowers, London pride. . . . Change and hope were in the very atmosphere, and at Combe Down things began to happen.

One morning Mrs. Fleetwood came to breakfast with a letter from India in her hand—a letter from her husband's old friend the Resident at Rotah. She had an air of plaintiveness.

"I don't know why he should ask me to do such a thing. Read what he says, Isabel." She handed the letter across the table and began to make the tea.

"May I see too?" said Fay. Without waiting for permission she leaned over her sister's shoulder.

The commencement of the letter contained nothing more moving than inquiries concerning the welfare of Mrs. Fleetwood and her daughters; information as to the doings of the writer and his own family; but towards the end there came a tentative, apologetic request—perhaps Mrs. Fleetwood might be so kind as to undertake the selection of a lady with a fair knowledge of Hindustani who would consent to act as guide and companion to the Rani of Rotah during her stay in London on her forthcoming visit to England with the Rajah? If Mrs. Fleetwood could get this matter settled without delay it would be a relief to all concerned.

"Oh! I see he says Captain Somerton is coming home with the Rajah," said Isabel, her eyes still on the letter. "I suppose the frontier trouble has blown over."

"Yes, I suppose so. But how on earth am I to find any one to look after the Rani? I don't know a soul who would be suitable."

Fay looked at her mother. Her eyes were eager, her cheeks delicately flushed with excitement. "Oh! Mother, do select me! I should simply love it. And I haven't forgotten my Hindustani at all. I often even *dream* in Hindustani!"

Following her first feeling of astonishment Mrs. Fleetwood's instinct was

to object. Yet she could think of no valid argument against Fay's desire—she was only conscious of repugnance towards the idea. For the moment she sat in perplexed silence.

"You wouldn't really like it, Fay," Isabel said in soft reproach.

"I should! Of course I should enjoy it most thoroughly!"

"I don't know what your father would have said," Mrs. Fleetwood put forward uneasily.

"I am certain he would have said 'Yes,'" Fay decided. "A good salary for the time being, a unique experience—all most interesting. I wonder what the Rani will think of London! and the Rajah too. What fun for Captain Somerton and me!"

Mrs. Fleetwood still felt troubled and in doubt, but the mention of Clive Somerton by Fay gave her a certain comfort. A little secret idea, born in the maternal mind during Captain Somerton's farewell visit last time he was at home, now gained vitality and became a decided hope. That time—when Captain Somerton asked particularly for Fay—she had allowed herself to wonder—? Then nothing further came of it, no letters, except one of condolence to herself on her husband's death. Fay never mentioned him except quite casually, and the poor little idea had dwindled and shrunk, almost died altogether, until revived now by the prospect of frequent meetings between the pair should she consent to this, Fay's eager wish. Her heart fluttered with gentle pleasure. Perhaps, after all, one of her girls was to find the right sort of husband and go back with him to India to carry on the family connection with the country; to write long letters home every mail about the housekeeping, and the servants, and the old familiar life; to bring home babies! Dear little Fay with her sweet, true nature, and her inherent love for the land where her

forbears had lived and loved, and governed and fought, for generations back. What an admirable wife she would be for this man with the dark, determined face and conquering character! Mrs. Fleetwood always had liked and esteemed Clive Somerton. So as far as she was able she stifled her disapproval of Fay's engagement to the Rani during their London visit, and felt there was no more to be said or done at present save write to her husband's old friend and tender the services of her youngest daughter, knowing full well that acceptance without question would follow.

It was just at this juncture that Marion returned from the Riviera. When Marion came home or went away the establishment was given over to her convenience for the entire day. She was one of those people who have the knack of commanding undivided attention, when they require it, from those around them. It is a mysterious faculty, not easily to be defined, for selfishness is not always the correct explanation of it. All selfish people have not the power of eliciting service from others. But whether selfishness was the secret of Marion's influence or not, the housemaid invariably packed for her and prepared her for a journey, often to the unavoidable neglect of the woman's other duties; the parlormaid was incited to polish to perfection her toilet silver and her patent leather shoes, to mend gloves and stockings and iron blouses during her busiest hours, and as often as not the cook was commandeered as well. Now on Marion's return from abroad a fire had been airing her bedroom all day despite the mildness of the weather, a tea-gown hung over a chair before the fire, the bath water was hot, tea could be sent in at any moment. The very cabman made no complaint at finding he was expected to carry the lady's heavy luggage up-

stairs for a very small addition to his fare.

Directly Isabel saw her sister she was conscious of a subtle change in Marion, who looked handsomer than ever, yet older, harder, more self-contained. Marion had the air of one in possession of some knowledge that rendered her at once superior to her surroundings, yet in no way elated thereby. Something must have happened! Isabel observed that she was very gracious to them all—said she was quite glad to be home again, admired Isabel's improvements in the garden, pronounced her mother to be looking much stronger, was interested in Fay's agreement to act as cicerone to the Rotah Rani, and did not deride the plan as they had all half anticipated she might do. But throughout she was quite impersonal, just as her letters had been impersonal during her absence. Yes, Nice was delightful; Mrs. de Wick was much better, though she would probably be obliged to go to Aix in July to get quite well. No, they had not been very gay; at first Mrs. de Wick's health had stood in the way, and lately people had been leaving the place, as the season was nearly over. So on, and so on—not a word of her own intimate doings or interests or affairs. Certainly, thought Isabel again, *something* had happened? She hung about Marion furtively all the evening till they went to bed; then she could endure it no longer, and followed her into her bedroom.

"Marion—do tell me!" she urged.

Marion laughed spontaneously. "Why? You don't mean to say I look like it?" and she regarded her reflection in the mirror with critical attention.

"Like what?" Isabel inquired breathlessly.

"As if I was engaged to be married?"

"Oh! Marion, who is it?"

"Sir Rowland Curtice," was the petrifying answer.

Isabel sat down on the bed and stammered: "But when, how—when did it happen?" She was confused, bewildered by Marion's news. She thought Marion hated Sir Rowland Curtice!

"It happened just before I came home. He has been at Nice all the time. I refused him soon after we got out there. I refused him again, later on. The third time, when he was sufficiently abject, I said yes. He will not be home just yet. He was going on to Russia and I made him keep to his engagements, but I shall marry him in the autumn before our year of mourning is over, because it will be cheaper for Mother. 'A quiet wedding,' as the papers will say, 'owing to mourning in the bride's family.'"

"But Marion, are you, do you—" Isabel hesitated. She feared the answer.

"Am I in love with him?" Marion turned out the electric light with slow deliberation, went to the window and threw it open, then drew up a chair and sat resting her arms on the sill.

Isabel came behind her and looked out. A waft of damp, scented breeze swept her face. "Why, it's raining!" she said. "You'll get wet, Marion."

"It isn't much, and I like the air," she put her hands to her face as though to cool it. Outside the gentle rain pattered on the leaves and flowers, otherwise everything was curiously quiet, not even a footfall resounded along the road. There was a faint grey light as of a rising moon behind vapory clouds.

Isabel sat down again on the low bedstead. A sense of desolation oppressed her. A shrinking from a future without Marion, the sister and companion she so loved and admired, whose actions and precepts she had never questioned since as little girls

together the one had led and dominated, while the other copied and followed in slavish acceptance of the elder's word and example. A host of affectionate recollections crowded into her mind, remembrances all darkened now by the dread of separation, by the dread, too, that Marion might find no real happiness in this step she seemed so firmly determined to take. It was almost the deepest moment of emotion in Isabel's passive life.

"No, I am not in love with him," said Marion calmly, "but I have brought him crawling and begging to my feet, and he can give me money and position and social power. Why shouldn't I take it all? One can't have everything. I refused of my own free will to marry the only man I could ever have cared for, and now he is dead." She caught her breath and held it for the moment while she mastered the sob that threatened to shake her. "I am not rushing blindly into this marriage, Isabel. I know what I am doing, and I think it is worth doing. I don't mean to allow my own past folly to spoil my life. If Tom had come home and asked me again to marry him I think I should have done it, and gone back to India a more humble-minded person than I left it! As it is, there is a great deal to live for still, from my point of view, and I might as well live for it. I suppose I may consider myself lucky to get the chance!"

Isabel only cried.

Marion came and sat beside her sister on the bed. "Don't, Isabel, dear. What's the matter?"

"Oh! supposing he is unkind and horrid to you!"

Marion laughed. "I'm not at all afraid," she said confidently. "I am much more likely to be unkind and horrid to him, though I shall try not to be. Listen, darling—" she kissed Isabel tenderly, "there is no need whatever to be miserable. I'm going

to enjoy life as far as possible. Perhaps if I had married Tom Gray I shouldn't have been happy, and there would have been no riches or luxury to fall back upon by way of consolation. I don't fear the future for myself at all. But there is something that worries me—that has worried me ever since that horrible evening when Mother brought the *Pioneer Mail* into the drawing-room and I realized what Tom's dying meant to me."

Isabel was tearfully interrogative.

"It is the feeling that I influenced you all wrong, Isabel, about Arthur Dakin. Long ago, if it hadn't been for me, you might have married him and been happy in your own kind, unselfish way. I only saw what I had done that night when—"

"Oh! Marion, dearest, don't! You only wanted to save me from trouble and hardship and anything disagreeable. And there was really nothing between us, he never really said anything—"

Isabel's quiet weeping turned into shattering tears and sobs. The sisters held each other tightly.

In a little while Marion withdrew herself from Isabel's convulsive embrace. "Isabel," she said, "you must stop crying. Mother will hear you. Besides I want to tell you something else."

In the enforced calm that followed Isabel listened to a scheme unfolded by her sister, that when the living at Beach fell vacant, which it was to do this autumn, Sir Rowland should offer it to the Rev. Arthur Dakin. Marion in the meantime would write to him, tell him of her approaching marriage, and sound him on the subject of accepting the living that was in the gift of her future husband.

"That is, if you'd like him to have the living, Isabel. Of course he would jump at it. I believe it's a very good living as livings go nowadays."

At first Isabel was speechless with glad gratitude. Then she began to apprehend obstacles. She feared Mr. Dakin might think his duty lay in India. In that case, Marion decided, they would all go out to India after she had become Lady Curtice, in order, ostensibly, that Sir Rowland might complete the tour that was interrupted by fever, and finish his ridiculous book. . . . But, perhaps, persisted Isabel, Mr. Dakin had forgotten all about her, and cared for or was already married to somebody else. To this Marion replied

The Times.

(To be continued)

that at any rate he was not married or even engaged—she knew this, for she had made it her business to find out from some Indian people who were breaking their homeward journey at Nice, people who were intimate friends of Mr. Dakin's and had actually come direct from the very station where he was at present the chaplain.

"And now, after all this," said Marion prosaically, "I should like to go to bed. You seem to forget that I've been traveling for the last I don't know how many hours."

THE STORY OF MODERN BULGARIA IN BRIEF.

By "modern" I mean since 1877, for little is known of the ancient Bulgars, and the history of the country under the Turk is the tale of a rabbit-warren periodically ferreted by its Moslem owners, and raided all the year round by Greek weasels. Europe had forgotten there was such a race. They were called Macedonians, Rumeians, *Greeks*. Their literature, laws, royal race and aristocracy had perished. Their language was not in type. (The Scriptures were first printed in Bulgarian in 1858 by Americans, it was years before any other works came from the same press.) Sad ballads, proverbs, and dim-eyed hope survived, but the nation—the idea was absurd! Other racial revivals could appeal to historic pasts, Greece, Italy, Germany. Not so Bulgaria. The latest arrival among European races was reborn amid a snowstorm and baptized in blood. Her story begins in the Shipka Pass, when the all-but beaten Russians found, to their surprise, that the relieving force of Bulgars could fight doggedly: the dull-faced, tongue-tied people were worth saving, it seemed. Later, at Berlin, Gortschakoff's scheme for making the rescued province a piece in his game against the Turk

was frustrated by Dizzy. Not a piece, merely a couple of pawns, it should be; but, when in 1885, Eastern Rumelia declared herself Bulgaria, and the two pawns became one piece after all, it was not England who growled, but Austria. At a hint from Vienna Servia crossed the frontier. King Milan declared he would take his coffee in Sofia, but ignominiously beaten at Slievnitz, the poltroon only escaped capture by hard spurring. Europe rubbed astonished eyes, for the despised race had charged with the bayonet! Little Bulgaria had scored off her own bat, for the "lent" Russian officers had resigned their commissions before the battle. The inwardness of this sordid intrigue was the narrow head and little soul of Czar Alexander III., the Mujik Emperor, a colossus of gross flesh and mule-like obstinacy. For him Bulgaria was just an outlying province of Russia, and her prince—his cousin, Alexander of Battenberg—a sort of upper servant. But prince and people had of late shown wills of their own—so he was for letting them be crushed. When the crushing process miscarried the gloomy barbarian fell back upon the usual Muscovite resources, wholesale bribery, intrigue

and ruffianly violence. The young prince had ascended the throne as a stranger, a foreigner ignorant of his subjects, their language and customs. Russia had thought him a helpless puppet in the hands of Russian ministers, civil officials and loaned military men, but he had inexplicably won the love of his subjects. It was unpardonable. He was seized in his bed, bundled into a carriage, thrust down into a ship's cabin, and landed, still in his pyjamas, at a Russian port, whilst hireling gangs began abortive insurrections at Rustchug, etc., in favor of annexation to Russia. But Bulgaria stood stiff and demanded her prince, and Russia discovered, or the stupid and brutal bully who ruled her discovered, that there are things which even a Czar cannot do. This was in 1886. Prince Alexander returned to his capital a changed man. Had an insidious drug been administered to him in Russia? Some say so; others deny it. Anything is possible east of the Pruth. He who had been alert, debonair, gallant, was now a listless, hopeless dreamer, intent only upon abdicating his throne. I stood by his tomb last week. It is heaped with garlands and wreaths sent by every crowned head in Europe. He was a gentleman of winning personality and noble presence. Upon his abdication Russia thought her path clear; a man after the Czar's own heart, General Kaulbars, was sent to bully the Bulgarians into petitioning for annexation; but the ex-prince's Premier, M. Stambouloff, had assumed the regency and was scouring Europe for a suitable constitutional ruler. The Kaulbars conducted himself so arrogantly that his name became a byword in Germany, and an editor was fined for describing the conduct of an official as "*Kaulbarsch*." He stumped the country convening meetings of peasants to listen to his threats and promises. The Bulgarians are no fools. They ascer-

tained from the general's coachman each night his next day's route, and packed every meeting he addressed with silent, respectful auditors who voted against the proposals he recommended. After a year of interregnum a prince was found prepared to accept the risks. Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, a nephew of England's Queen ("my aunt," he always called her) and a grandson of Louis Philippe, some time King of the French, was twenty-six, plausible, tenacious, politic, acute, patient, far-sighted and silently ambitious. He is one of the two or three really able rulers of our time, and, considering his opportunities and materials, quite the most successful. Royal by descent, a man of science by bent, an actor to the tips of his fingers, he gilded to the stage from the wing at a moment when the company were at sixes and sevens, and half the pit pelting orange-peel; he improvised plot, dialogue and business, and for five-and-twenty exciting years has kept his realm and himself in the centre of the stage: a long run for a King! From the first he determined to be royal; whatever the issue of his daring experiment, he would be a monarch whilst it lasted, would house himself in a palace, surround himself with the trappings and insignia of his house, and impress his personality upon his subjects, the Porta, and Europe at large. For years it was a desperate game. The Mujik Emperor loathed him and gave a free hand to the Asiatic Bureau, a gang of the most unscrupulous blackguards that even Russia could produce. From 1897 to 1904, seven long years, every artifice of corruption, chicane and violence was exhausted. Neither the life of the Prince nor those of his ministers was safe for a day. This sounds extravagant, but is well within the mark. Millions of levs (francs) were expended in corrupting officials, tampering with regiments,

suborning and screening assassins. Every penniless politician, disappointed courtier, jealous subaltern was sounded, bought, made welcome at Odessa and furnished with roubles and a part to play in the drama. Some worked from Stamboul, some from Adrianople, others along the Danube from Kalafat, Turna, Glurgevo or Kalarasi, corresponded with the Bulgarian messes on the opposite bank from which they had deserted. (The brother of one of the conspirators has described to me their methods. I shook the hand of another to-day, loyal long since, but then one of the fiercest, bent upon using the knife!)

There were risings organized north, south, all over the little realm. A limited monarchy protected by the ordinary law must have succumbed, for Russia stuck at nothing, but Prince Ferdinand was served by the greatest man—take him all round—that the Bulgarian race has produced. Stambouloff, the son of a nobody, who had run the streets a penniless, bare-legged boy, resigned his twelve months of regency to be the First Minister of Ferdinand, as he had been of Alexander. Hero, patriot, statesman, brute, this man would have been a prime force in any age and in any nation. Without any question he saved his master; he saved the State from the clutches of Russia. Himself he could not save. He would have claimed that he only played the game. Whilst M. Hitrovo, Russia's minister at Bucharest, was organizing armed gangs and despatching them across the Danube, was he to maintain the Habeas Corpus? When his friend and colleague Belcheff fell dead in the street at his side, riddled with bullets, when M. Petroff, another minister, was knifed in broad daylight, was it a time to be squeamish? He struck right and left, and hard and often: he established fear. He filled the prisons with

suspects and flogged and tortured a good many Russian secrets out of the Czar's emissaries. It was one way. It may have been the only way. But what Europe permits a Romanoff to do she will not countenance in a Stambouloff. Confronted with alternative risks, his master, very wisely, dismissed his great but terrible servant. This was in 1903. Alexander III., still implacable, still refusing to "recognize" Prince Ferdinand, died the next year, a young and less Tartar-like Czar had ascended the throne, and the tension might be supposed to be relaxing, and many breathed the more freely, but not Stambouloff. He knew well that the Asiatic Bureau, whom he had outwitted and defied, never pardons.

The ex-Premier desired to go abroad; and applied for a passport. It was refused. This was ominous, and almost at once Russia got her revenge. A gang of miscreants hacked their victim to death with yataghans in the street, and escaped under the very noses of the police! A royal personage, not a Bulgarian, nor in Bulgaria, is credited with the *mot* that *la mort de M. Stambouloff c'était une nécessité politique*. Well might an English publicist, who knew the minds and morals of European statesmen, say that the late Lord Salisbury, at the Congress of Berlin, must have shuddered at the company in which he found himself. Stambouloff dead, the bureaucrats of the Asiatic section permitted Nicholas II. to "recognize" Ferdinand as Prince of Bulgaria, and the era of alarms and excursions was closed, and that of peaceful progress begun. The last of the New Nations which had clambered painfully out of the pit of slavery and massacre only to find itself betrayed by its "friends," and enmeshed in war, conspiracies, assassinations and the police methods of Moscow, settled down to educate itself, civilize itself,

build, plant, beautify itself, and to master the difficult art of representative government under the responsible ministers of a constitutional sovereign (an art at present unlearned by Germany and undreamt of upon the Neva). Three of the Powers had found by this time that the Bulgarian meant to be master in his own house, and could defend the same at need. Abdul Hamid remodelled his army and fortified his frontier. The new Czar was aware that his oaf father had played the fool, and attempted to regain Bulgaria's confidence. The "good brown land" between the Danube and the Ægean will never be a Russian province, as Nicholas knows. So does England, somewhat slow at the uptake, and has laid aside the Disraelian jealousy of Bulgarian expansion. Not so Vienna:

The British Review.

when Ferdinand assumed the kingly style, Austria hotly resented his pretensions. When at King Edward's funeral Bulgaria's monarch, no longer a prince, rode among kings as a king, and the Archduke, representing the aged Emperor Franz Josef, was placed behind him, there was a pretty to-do. The insulted Austrian refused to eat or sleep in Great Britain: it was ho! for special train and boat for a deeply offended Serenity, and off he went in dudgeon the same afternoon—which may have consequences anon. But there was one happy man at Windsor, for by that day's ceremonial Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg and Bulgaria had been recognized as king by the eldest reigning House in the world, and a king he remains. What next?

H. M. Wallis.

ROTHENBURG AND ITS FESTIVAL.

I.

The pilgrim in search of popular festivals may well be tempted to make comparisons between the annual celebrations at Rothenburg and at Stratford-on-Avon, especially if—as in the present year of grace—the opportunity has fallen to him of witnessing both within a month of one another. But he must resist the temptation; for the comparison is short-lived, superficial, and altogether barren. Of course, all local festivals have a certain atmosphere in common; a desire to commemorate somebody or something that ought not to be forgotten in a particular neighborhood, an ambition to widen the circle of interest around the central object of veneration, and an intention to carry out the festivities with as much attention to detail and expenditure of public and private funds as shall appear requisite to attract an ever-growing audience and to

achieve a result worthy of the occasion.

But, having said so much, and adding thereto that both Rothenburg and Stratford are now in the second generation of their existence as festival-givers, the comparison is at an end. Stratford, a placid, lavender-scented, imperturbable English country town, celebrates Shakespeare—a national hero and a household word. Rothenburg, rugged, war-worn and embattled, does honor to a local worthy of the early seventeenth century who, although he was forced to consent to surrender his native city to the overmastering forces of the Catholic League, saved it by his prowess from a fate so dire as the wholesale massacre at Magdeburg. The festival at Stratford is one of poetry and peace; the pageant at Rothenburg revives memories of siege and heroism and sacrifice. Shakespeare lives, a master of deathless words: Nusch, the senator of

Rothenburg, lives, the doer of a single deed, the quaffer of a potion so historic that it has gained for him the (local) immortality of Juliet herself.

II.

Leaving then all comparisons ("odorous" and otherwise) aside, come with me to Rothenburg for Whitsuntide and share in the romantic pleasure of a Franconian holiday. You shall enjoy yourself to the full, if the society of simple-minded and warm-hearted people, the atmosphere of the most perfectly preserved medieval town in Europe, the cleanest of hotels, the plainest of good fare, the sincerest of historical pageants, are to your liking. You must expect no Ritz Hotels nor restaurants as in Paris, nor those that frequent them; no pageantry such as you have seen at Oxford or at Fulham; no music to compare with Bayreuth; no lavish display of wealth to dazzle or amaze you. These things I tell you before hand, for I will not have you deceived nor shall you be disappointed.

On the day after leaving London you will reach Würzburg at 9 A. M. and change there into a train which brings you to Steinach, where you join a little local railway whose destination is Rothenburg. In front of you rises the city, built upon a crescent-shaped rock whose horns retreat from you—a hive of red-tiled roofs, of towers and spires, dominated by the Rath-haus and the Cathedral, and all encircled by a wall of indescribable age and beauty. As we walk up the hill together, I may as well tell you that the Jews of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries believed, from its general situation and appearance, that Rothenburg bore a very near resemblance to Jerusalem; and for that reason a considerable settlement of the chosen race lived there until, according to tradition, a conspiracy was discovered which had for its object the poisoning of the wells,

the assassination of the Town Guard and the capitulation of Rothenburg to the children of the tribes.

I do not know to what town of your acquaintance you may liken Rothenburg, for I have seen none quite like it in Europe or elsewhere. It has something of Quebec in it, if the old French town were clustered round the citadel; something of the proud aloofness of Edinburgh Castle, but without a modern city for its footstool; much of Nuremberg in architecture and feeling, yet unspoiled by factory chimneys and other hateful indications of industrial activity. Now pass within the walls and surrender yourself, a willing victim, to the spell of Rothenburg. Its wayward streets all cobble-stoned, its half-timbered houses, its lovely wrought-iron balconies and carved turret windows, the stencilled motto and cunningly wrought trade-sign over every dwelling-house and shop; these things must arrest your eager footsteps and prove an effectual barrier to progress. It matters nothing which street you choose to follow; each one is an avenue of architectural loveliness, decked out at Whitsuntide with gay flowers in the latticed windows and young birch saplings making a green portico for every door. And the joy of it all lies here—that your every walk leads you through, or to, something worth your admiration: to a fountain or a statue or a blossom-laden garden or a gorgeous view across the valley of the Tauber. Mark, too, how unconsciously and yet how perfectly all things living harmonize with these artistic scenes: the old yellow mail cart, driven by an ancient in the blue and silver livery, glossy hat and spotless breeches, of earlier and cleaner days; the shabby cabriolet that brings the farmer and his wife into town; the wandering bands of light-hearted students in Tyrolean attire, singing their songs in chorus as they

swing down the street like a regiment; the wrinkled old burgher standing in his doorway and smoking his long-stemmed pipe as he watches the weary oxen drawing the tumbril home from the fields outside the walls. Nor will you be in the least astonished if you see the watchman on the lofty tower of the Rath-haus keeping a sharp lookout for fires within the city; nor if you hear, from the same lofty eminence, German *chorales* being trumpeted at noonday. On the contrary, you would expect just such sights and customs as these in a place like this; but you might perhaps be a little taken aback if, on the occasion of *your* wedding, gentle reader, the door of your abode was assailed with old pots and pans, and if your street was made to re-echo with the sound of verses sung or recited in your praise. Yet this is a ritual which, possibly, you may come across whilst walking in Rothenburg, and it ends with the presentation of a wedding wreath and veil to the prospective bride from her friends.

So much for our lesser occupations without doors; but, if you would shelter from the rain, there is still plenty for you to do: fine churches to visit, whose window-glass and wood-carvings are likely to surprise you; a very charming local museum, full of antiquities from early Franconian times, and no lack of delightful little inns whose vine-trellised exteriors are not more fascinating than the panelled parlors within. Such is but a sketchy impression of the dear city to which I have brought you, as a stranger; you will leave it as a friend.

III.

But you may say that all the foregoing is only a rhapsodical parenthesis in praise of Rothenburg, and that you are not yet the wiser on the score of the Whitsun festivities. So be it; but believe me, you cannot fully appreciate

the revels until you have entered into the spirit of the town and have attuned your temperament to the key of your surroundings. Come now; it is the vigil of Whitsunday, and by the time your full afternoon of sightseeing is passed, you will have noticed unmistakable signs that something unusual is afoot. A sort of municipal spring-cleaning is going on everywhere: sweeping, scrubbing, brushing-up in every hole and corner, until the streets and houses look more than ever like an important exhibit of "Old Germany" at Olympia or the White City. Then, as you return to your hotel for supper, you will hear a procession of farm-carts rumbling up the old Schmiedgasse, each laden with children and their mothers laughing and singing in anticipation of their annual treat. You will perhaps see a few patrols of Bavarian boy-scouts marching from the station to their allotted quarters with banners flying and drums beating. You will certainly encounter scores of men and boys carrying upon their arms doublets and hose and jerkins, feathered slouch hats and other finery, and shouldering pikes or halberds with an air as who should say "Brave deeds shall be performed by me on Monday." Clearly Rothenburg is pre-occupied: and you will also note the wheelbarrow loads of ancient armour, bridles, saddles, and other fierce accoutrements of war passing down the streets and lanes of the venerable city.

On Sunday morning all is early astir. The little church of St. John is packed with the faithful for High Mass at 9 o'clock, and at a later hour the Protestant community (which by far outnumbers the Catholic) attend St. James' Church for the Whitsunday service. Both of these buildings are interesting specimens of early Gothic architecture and are thronged with sight-seers from morning to night. At

noon the whole town seems to foregather in the market-place to gossip and to watch the automatic figures of General Tilly and Burgomaster Nusch as they appear at the casement windows above the ancient Drinking Hall to perform their peculiar movements when the clocks of the city strike twelve. This rite ended we disperse for luncheon to the hostel of our choice: it may be to the pretty little "Meister-trank" in the Kapellen Platz, or to The Bear; but I shall take you, on this particular Sunday, to The Lamb Inn, on the market-place itself. This is the headquarters of the Shepherds, a guild that has been held in high esteem in Rothenburg since the days of the Peasant War, when their prowess in arms excelled that of all other sections of the population. To commemorate their valor there is annually held a Shepherds' Dance on Whitsunday afternoon in the centre of the town, and it is "at the sign of The Lamb" that they assemble in their picturesque costumes for a midday meal before the carnival. By two o'clock the balconies and steps of the Town Hall are densely occupied by a large and expectant audience who have paid a small sum to gain reserved seats, and a still larger crowd throngs round the roped-off enclosure in the Square. An hour later a brave procession of nymphs and swains issues from The Lamb, headed by a band of musicians in costume and a number of City worthies in black cloaks and large white ruffs, looking for all the world as though they had stepped straight out of a canvas by Frans Hals. Hard upon their heels follow two shepherds, one leading a fine white sheep decorated with pink roses round her neck, and the other carrying under his arm a fat goose, whose behavior all through the ceremony is surprisingly good. Then come the performers proper: a score of couples whose grace-

ful country dances, lightly tripped to the lilt of flutes and drums, engage us charmingly for the best part of the afternoon. What a real Mayday revel! the youths in their three-cornered hats, black jackets, flowered waistcoats and green breeches, with white stockings and silver-buckled shoes; the girls in dainty muslins of diverse colors, wearing garlands of flowers in their hair and lace mittens on their hands. All are dancing for the sheer joy of it; yet they are none the less delighted at the rapturous applause which greets them alike from their friends and from the strangers within their gates.

Alas! how quickly the afternoon passes: a walk round the city walls, so admirably preserved that we can promenade on them from end to end, peeping through the countless loopholes pierced for musket-fire and getting a peerless glimpse from each; a visit to the old-world garden at one extremity of the city and a gorgeous view of the sunset over the distant hills, and the day is done. But our entertainment is not quite ended yet; for, as night falls, the populace saunters out to the green slopes below the walls for a "grand illumination," and thence we see the whole city of Rothenburg, spires, towers, and roofs, glowing red as though some merciless conqueror had decreed that it should perish in the flames. . . . And so to bed, perchance to sleep. But this is difficult; for on such a night of nights the homes of the people are in the street of the city. The crowds linger, the troops of students march up and down singing to their guitars and mandolins, and the revels continue until it must almost be dawn.

IV.

It is Whitmonday . . . and you awake to the sound of distant guns. The city, which has joined the Lelp-

zig-League (1681) against the forces of the Emperor, is being attacked for its temerity by General Tilly, the Commander-in-Chief of the Catholic League. You spring from your bed and fling open your window to cheer the mere handful of Swedish troops that Gustavus Adolphus has sent to stiffen the citizen army as they march swiftly with pike and musket to the walls. In a few minutes you hear a clatter of hoofs, and a squadron of ragged cavalry, mounted on horses taken straight from the plough and armed with falchions and firelocks, trot up the Schmiedgasse beneath you. More soldiery, on horse and afoot, cannon and ammunition-wagons, officers in brave attire and their retinue in tatters, all pour into the city through the Spital bastion and hurry to their appointed posts. It is now seven o'clock and the sun is already high on this May morning. The citizens are all abroad; the men have said farewell to home, perhaps for ever, since Tilly is known to be advancing with 30,000 well-armed men against a paltry thousand of peasants. The women and children alone are to be seen in the streets, and you set forth in haste and wonderment, convinced that you are indeed in the heart of a beleaguered city, sharing in its fears for the fortunes of the day. You reach the main gate of the town; there, at the inner wall, beside the drawbridge, lie men-at-arms in casque and breastplate, their horses standing beside them. There, round the city walls, at every tower and loophole you catch the gleam of spear and pike and cannon and a glimpse of soldiers in colored doublet and hose behind them. You walk on down the road that leads to Würzburg, towards the advancing army whose cannon-fire grows ever more distinct in your ears. Here you meet a few rascally looking Croatians, quarelling over cards in their laager,

and a band or two of the more intrepid youths of the city who have bivouacked all night outside the walls beside the watch-fires round which they are now singing their morning hymn, in eager anticipation of the death that certainly awaits them. Louder grows the cannonade and louder; a troop of cavalry clears the road of all but combatants, and you are driven back into the heart of the town where the City Fathers are assembled in the Rath-haus to take desperate counsel together in their extremity.

You find them in the Council Chamber, decorated by the coats of arms of all the Burgomeisters of Rothenburg since 1230, and hung with tattered flags that bear witness to the troubled history of this old Imperial town. There, upon a raised dais, stands old Bezold the mayor, careworn and broken down in his anxiety, yet proudly wearing his robes of black and sable with his sword and chain of office. His fellow-councillors join him, and the vehement discussion which follows shows us the deep cleavage of opinion as to the wisest course to adopt. Some are for sparing the town any further suffering—for God knows whether the tortures of Magdeburg may not be repeated here. Others are for holding out to the bitter end, not counting the cost. At last it is suggested that the Swedish Captains of the Guard be summoned to advise; these prove to be "no surrender" men, and so the word goes forth that Rothenburg will resist to the uttermost. But now, the murderous shock of battle breaks fiercely upon the stern tranquillity of the Council Chamber. The casements rattle to the musketry fire; the enemy's guns must be at the very gate of the city. In a brief interval of calm the sad chanting of a Litany of Intercession in St. James' Church reaches us, and blends strangely with the blithe war-song of a gallant band

of young bloods who pass by the Chamber on their road to the front.

Has the fortune of war changed? Can the news be true? In bursts a messenger to tell us that he has discerned Swedish reserves in the distance hastening to our rescue! A second later, and we learn of desperate assaults defiantly repelled in various quarters of the city, and of wives and children joining in the heroic defence. One more . . . a body of Imperialists have dashed into the town, but have been driven back to meet death in the moat by the youths who marched past us but an hour since. At last a fierce roar, more devastating and terrific than any sound hitherto, shakes the Town Hall to its foundations, and we feel that the end has come. A solemn hush now falls upon the assembly, and the councillors with native dignity await the expected news. But, even as a wounded sentinel is gasping out his story of the explosion in the powder-magazine and of the cruel breach in the walls, there is heard from the market-place another sound that rises in wrath and falls in anguish. Nearer and nearer yet comes the tramp of armed men; the door of the Chamber is burst open and Imperial troops surge in and make prisoners of us all. Tilly and his victorious generals, his pet Dominican and his gaunt halberdiers, stride boastfully to the table where the Senators remain seated, and demand from them the keys of the town. The anger of Tilly is terrible to behold; the passionate tone of his language makes us fear for the very worst:

"Bring out these Councillors from their seats, and hang them in the Market-place for dogs to bark at. Go you, von Ossa, and fire the city at seven places that it shall be laid in ashes before nightfall. Let no inhabitants escape, and I will write the doom of Rothenburg in letters of flame that shall be read by all who plot re-

sistance to the Catholic League of my Emperor."

Terrible words, terribly spoken by a man whom nothing could move to pity or remorse. In vain the Senators pleaded for their people; in vain the women, now crowded into the Chamber, held up their children in their arms and cried for mercy. Not even Count Pappenheim, a favorite general, could alter the cruel decision when he begged that the brave garrison should not be hanged like criminals but shot at the walls like gentlemen. For answer, Tilly only turned to one of his captains and bade him remove our poor old Burgomeister, who should find the town Executioner and bring him into the presence of his new master.

How changed the scene . . . the broad oaken table, where but lately our councillors were deliberating, is now beset with military uniforms and men in armor with sword and buckler, whilst our poor representatives stand broken but unbent in a corner of the hall, awaiting their end with fortitude. There is silence for a moment; then it is broken by the lusty voice of our good cellarer, Reimer, whose native genius for hospitality will never forsake him nor any of his race:

"May it please Your Excellency. I have a prisoner, hid deep in the cool vaults below where I am master. Shall I release him for your pleasure? Many years has he languished in his dungeon, doubtless awaiting the day of your coming. He is the offspring of the Sun-God; grant that I give him his freedom ere I die?"

With this parable, in praise of his best beloved vintage of rich Tauber wine, Reimer disappears, only to return immediately with a large and beautifully painted crystal chalice filled to the brim with the golden "prisoner." The loving cup passes round, and Tilly, once so fierce and for-

ward, drinks deep again and again, praising in equal measure the lustre of the cup and the quality of the wine. . .

We breathe again; we even look up like dogs which, after being beaten, feel that their master's anger is at last exhausted. Now there seems to be a chance, just a chance, that wine may win where women failed. The general drinks once more, and then a smile, aye, indeed, a cheery smile, breaks across his handsome face. He turns to our cellarer and banters him for a fool or a knave, bidding him to refill the cup. Then, turning to the City Fathers, he cries, but in a far gentler accent:

"The hours draw on; my judgment is pronounced,
And retribution follows your misdeeds.
Yet Hope lies hid for you within this cup
Full filled with nectar pressed from
Tauber grapes.
Which man of you can drain it at one draught
He shall achieve full pardon for this Burgh;
The lives and liberties of wives and citizens
No longer forfeit shall be straight restored
By him who quaffs this chalice to the dregs.
But, should he fail, your doom has been decreed
And Rothenburg shall pay rebellion's penalty."

Well do I remember the effect of these words upon us all, Senators and citizens alike. We turned to one another in sheer amazement. One whispered, "For shame; he is surely jesting with us now. His head is hot with wine and he mocks us with false hope even on the last evening of our days."

Said another, "Who could hope to drain so vast a cup at a single draught?"

"Four bottles of good wine without

drawing breath—impossible!" murmured a third.

"Yes, impossible for all of us in Rothenburg to-day," quavered an old voice near me; "yet I can call to mind the time when Nusch there would have taken up the challenge and might have won it."

Then, to our astonishment, this same Nusch stepped forward, seventy years of age, but hale and upright as a lancepole. Offering such obeisance as his heavy robes and starched ruff would permit, this splendid old veteran accepted the wager and grasped the fateful cup in both his hands from off the table. A long breath—the whole world seemed to be standing still and aghast within that chamber—and very slowly he raised the chalice to his lips and began to drink. We Rothenburgers had seen much drinking for wagers in our time, but never such a draught for such a wager. The seconds passed like hours as the old man persevered, straining himself slowly backwards until the cup was turned almost upside down. His colleagues pressed forward to support him lest he should fall before his great purpose was fulfilled. And just in time; for, as they reached him, he staggered backward into a chair, but . . . the cup was empty!

Not even Tilly could withhold a cry of admiration, in which his generals were compelled to join, for this gallant feat. As for the rest of us, to whom it meant life instead of death, some laughed, whilst others wept in a tumult of indescribable emotion, but none knew how best to relieve the long-drawn strain of those intolerable hours. Some rushed to the window to proclaim the joyful news to the trembling populace in the market-square; others ran to find the Burgomeister and announce to him the general reprieve; and the rest of us burst into an uncontrollable Hymn of Praise for

this merciful deliverance from an unspeakable fate.

V.

True, it was but a play; and the players were only humble citizens of Rothenburg, and I with a couple of hundred others were just an audience. Yet the play was so perfectly carried out, with such conviction and power and true artistic intention, that a whirlwind of applause filled the Council Chamber at the close of the last Chorale.

In the late afternoon, as the sun was setting, every available space in the town was once more filled to see a

The Cornhill Magazine.

great procession of conquerors and conquered file through the streets; every window was occupied by eager sight-seers who threw flowers to their particular friends as they passed and called to them by their historic names. Slowly, on horse and foot, this picturesque army progressed from one scene of acclamation to another, until at last they passed down into the moat beyond the walls. There the evening was whiled away with songs and dancing, feasting and mummers—a romantic picture of medieval revelry that held all good Rothenburgers, and some others, captive until late into the starry night.

Ian Malcolm.

AT CHERRY-TREE FARM.

II.

It was perfect harvest weather in the morning, and Arnold woke rather late to the whirr of the machine in the Long Field. Usually he was down at six or so. To-day he was not only late in waking, but slow in dressing. It was a shock to him when he got out of bed to remember that it was his last day in this pleasant house. More and more of a shock indeed. He walked about the room, looking at the texts on the walls (the capitals all in gold), the photographs (several of Peggy as child and little girl with long hair), the knickknacks—everything. The sun blazed in upon the bed and its white curtains. The window had diamond panes about a quarter obscured by red roses. It was opened, of course, and the scent of the roses filled the room. He heard a clock strike on the landing outside—eight! The breakfast-hour was half-past seven, except on Sunday; and Willie's knuckles and shouting were wont to stir him long before then. It was "Mr. Man, mother says it's time you got up;" or "Mr. Man, are

you moving?"—always something like that. But to-day, nothing; nothing except a sense of blankness and weight in the head.

He sat down on the bed and stared at the blue sky beyond the red roses of his window.

It was just about then that Peggy's little boy drew her attention to a young lady on the field-path to the house. They were by the stream, Peggy and Willie, on the spot where Mr. Man was found in the grass. Peggy's eyes had red rims. She had promised her father not to see Arnold again, and was endeavoring to keep her promise. His wheatfield notwithstanding, Mr. Harcourt was waiting indoors to see his guest of these nine weeks eat his last breakfast and—go. He didn't like his job, but meant to carry it through.

"Who's she, mother?" Willie desired to know. "My! ain't she in a hurry?" "She's a stranger, Willie," said Peggy. "I think you might run and speak to her. I don't think she can

mean to be coming to see me. She may be coming to the wrong house. How scared she seems! Yes, run and ask her whom she wants. You see she's stopping."

The meadow had been made into hay since Arnold's meander through it, and its aftermath was almost ready. The little boy galloped through the long grasses. These tickled his knees, and he paused twice to scratch them. "Hi!" he shouted. But he needn't have shouted. Gertie had stopped for him, breathing fast and very flushed. She had dark, eager eyes, and black hair, and a boat-shaped straw hat braced by a dark-blue motor-veil. Peggy heard some words exchanged, and then, faster even than Willie, Gertie came towards her. She had a newspaper in her hand, but it told Peggy nothing—at first.

"Oh, good-morning!" she panted, within speaking distance. "I understand this is Cherry-Tree Farm. Could you direct me to P. B.? *This!*"

She opened the paper and pointed to an advertisement on its first page.

Peggy's hand shook, but she accepted the paper and read the lines: "The Gertie of Clapham who knows A. W. is invited to communicate with P. B., Cherry-Tree Farm, Silverstead, Surrey."

She read the words as if they were new to her, and yet they were her own composing, and she had paid for twenty insertions of them out of her own pocket. Her father didn't know. She hoped—but this was her secret—that no one would ever know except herself and the newspaper people, and that there would be no response.

"It has been in several times," Gertie continued heatedly, "but I didn't know until last night. A friend showed it to me. It *must* be Mr. Wise. Can you tell me anything? Mr. Arnold Wise! He's not very tall, but—you do know then?"

Peggy's smile gave her away. She continued to smile, and held out her hand. "Are you Gertie, then?" she asked wistfully.

Gertie's eyes drew in a little. "My name is Gertrude Lamont," she replied. "Yes. He's been missing since the 6th of June. But you are not P. B., are you?"

"Yes," said Peggy, "I am. He has lost his memory. Shall I tell you about it?"

"Is he *here*?" cried Gertie, all excitement and eagerness again. "I feared he was dead. That was what terrified me all the time. He isn't *dead*?"

"Of course not. But he doesn't remember things. Perhaps—What did you say your name was? Mine is Mrs. Brandon!"

"Oh!" said Gertie, "thank you. I—didn't know. This is your little boy, then?"

"Mother!" put in the little boy himself, "can't I go in now and see Mr. Man?"

"Yes, dear, do," said Peggy. "Tell him—*Shall* we prepare him, Miss Lamont? Oh yes, Miss Lamont!" But Willie didn't wait for further injunctions. He ran as fast as he could.

Then Peggy and Gertie looked at each other, and Peggy noticed the dewiness in Gertie's dark eyes, and her beauty. This had struck Peggy almost immediately, but it made an increasing mark upon her.

"I don't know the circumstances, Miss Lamont," she said very softly, "but I ought to tell you that I have read your letter to him. It was all we could find to help us to restore him to his friends. It wasn't much good, because it bore no serviceable address. That was why I advertised. He has been here ever since the 7th of June."

"With you?" asked Gertie suspiciously.

Peggy looked away, closed her eyes for a moment, and tried to smile. "I

live with my father, who farms Cherry-Tree," she explained. "We have taken every care of him."

"Oh!" said Gertie. And then out shot her hand. "How good of you!" she exclaimed. "I think I must tell you everything, Mrs. Brandon. Perhaps he will hate to see me again. I can't help it, if so. It has been all a horrible mistake. I thought my—my feelings had changed towards him, but they haven't. I found it out when it was too late. And now—perhaps it would be better if I didn't see him. What *can* I do?"

Peggy seemed to shiver. "He has other friends and relations, no doubt," she whispered. "Have they not been anxious?"

"I don't know," said Gertie. "I—called twice at the office, and on Mrs. Whiston at Surbiton, where he lodges. Yes, of course they are anxious. But"—she began to cry, and Peggy let her cry—"you don't understand," she murmured piteously through her tears. "You can't understand how I love him, and how ashamed I am of myself. I *must* see him. He may not forgive me, but I must ask him to."

"I—see!" said Peggy.

"You don't. You can't possibly know how false and untrue to myself I have been. And it is all because of me! Is he in bed?"

"By no means," said Peggy. And then she did a very pretty thing. She took Gertie's hand and patted it. And, still holding it, she led her towards the farm. She talked fast on the way, and rather at random; but the general drift of her words was so cheering that when they reached the garden gate in front of the house Gertie's eyes had a fine light in them again. No tears or dewiness now; a look of intense expectation instead.

The gate swung, and "Mr. Man" came forth as if to the signal.

Willie heralded his approach, with a

"*Here* they are!" and a rush at his mother. Behind him was his grandfather, stiff in the jaw, but with curiosity peeping from his honest eyes.

Arnold took two steps, then stopped and stared—stared until Gertie was within a yard of him, and then burst out, "Gertie!"

Over their close-pressed shoulders Peggy saw her father's eyebrows go up and down twice, and heard him clear his throat very harshly. After which he re-entered the house.

It was then Peggy's turn to remember her manners, and Willie's manners also.

"Come away, dear," she whispered.

Willie wanted to pounce upon those other two and take his share in the huggings. He made a start for it, but was drawn back.

The gate clicked behind them.

"They're kissing each other again, mother," said the little lad.

Peggy made no comment on that information, but, tightening her grip on the small fingers, marched him to the Long Field without a pause.

About an hour later the farmer found Peggy by the hedge, whence she was watching the bronzed wheat-ears fall in their hundreds.

"They're gone, my dear, the pair of them!" he said briskly, with a laugh as broad as his face. "Got all his senses back at last. Never knew such a thing. Capper'll rub his hands when he hears. I'm to thank you, and so on. A stockbroker's clerk—that's what he is. Miss Lamont says they'll be glad to have him back at his office. She seems pretty sure of it. He's lucky if so. A nice girl, that sweetheart of his; and to think"—he covered Peggy's left shoulder with his tough palm—"to think that I thought he was making up to *you*, Peggy! He laughed when I reminded him about that."

Peggy smiled bravely.

"Miss Lamont said she didn't wonder," the farmer added. "A jealous little puss, I could see, for all she pretended to be so smooth about it. Well, it's been a funny business, and we haven't seen the last of our 'Mr. Man,'

Chambers's Journal.

I hope. He bears me no malice for wanting to turn him loose. I like him better than I did last night, I can tell you."

The farmer strode after the reaping-machine, and Peggy watched many thousands of wheat-ears fall ere she rose and returned to the farm.

C. Edwards.

The End.

A GREAT ENGLISHWOMAN.*

Octavia Hill long ago made good her title to be considered one of the great women of Victorian England, and this volume of letters will show how richly she deserves to rank with Florence Nightingale, Miss Twining, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and other ladies whose work is built into the very foundations of our national well-being. Her brother-in-law, Mr. Maurice, says that her power of organization and her principles of discipline have been allowed to thrust into the background her human sympathies. A critic once told her, "Miss Hill, I was puzzled to make out how you succeeded in your work, till I realized that the broker was always in the background." Against that purblind criticism we may set the tribute of her friend and fellow-worker Canon Barnett: "She brought the force of religion into the cause of wisdom, and gave emotion to justice."

Her father was a banker and corn-merchant at Wisbech who failed in the panic of 1825. He retrieved his fortunes, and, when left a widower for the second time in 1832, was anxious to find some one to help him in training his six children. A series of unsigned articles on education in *The Monthly Repository* attracted his attention, and he obtained an introduction to the writer. She was a daughter of

* "The Life of Octavia Hill as told in Her Letters." Edited by C. Edmund Maurice. (Macmillan and Co. 16s. net.)

Dr. Southwood Smith, the noted sanitary reformer. Mr. Hill went to see her at Wimbledon and found that she was teaching in a private family. When her engagement closed he persuaded her to become governess to his children, and in 1835 he married her. Octavia, the third of her five daughters, was born on December 3, 1838. Mr. Hill was a notable man. He succeeded in reforming the corrupt municipal government of Wisbech, and in excluding any claim for Church rates from his parish. He rode fifty miles to procure the pardon of the last man condemned to death for sheep-stealing, and did much to promote elementary education. His life was one of great self-restraint and devotion to study. The bank panic of 1840 overwhelmed him. The family left Wisbech, and at last Mr. Hill broke down both physically and mentally under the strain. Dr. Southwood Smith placed his daughter and her girls in a little cottage at Finchley. The mother felt that poverty had been no small blessing to herself and her daughters. She had to do everything for her children, and they heartily responded to her care. The eldest of them says, "She seldom gave a distinct order or made a rule; but her children felt that she lived continually in the presence of God, and that in her there was an atmosphere of goodness, and that moral beauty was a de-

light to her in the same way that outward beauty is to so many people. Her children also learned from early infancy, from her attitude of mind, that if a thing was right it must be done; there ceased to be any question about it."

As a child Octavia Hill showed great force of character. Browning told her that he met her and her sister at the house of R. H. Horne, the author of *Orion*, who said when they left the room: "Those are wonderful children; you can talk to them about anything." The family moved into London in 1851. Octavia now began to read *London Labor and the London Poor*, and the writings of the Christian Socialists. The pictures given there made her fancy that laughter and amusement were wicked. Work among the poor soon brought a healthier view, but as her mother said, "The mantle has fallen on her." Dr. Southwood Smith's zeal for the improvement of the lives of the people had fired his granddaughter's heart, and the fire was never quenched. In June, 1852, when only thirteen and a half, she asks her elder sister to thank Miss Graham for lending her some books.

"As to the *Christian Socialist*, I never before read anything which inspired such earnest longing to do something for the cause of association; and it interested me so very much that the hours I have spent in reading *that* are never to be forgotten; they were unequalled in pleasure to any that I have ever spent in reading; and that, if I live years and years, I shall never forget, or cease to remember with gratitude that it was to her that I owe the great happiness of first reading a Socialist book, which I consider one of the greatest happinesses any one can have."

The girl became devoted to F. D. Maurice, and drew constant inspiration from his books and sermons. She met

Kingsley in 1852. "I think I never saw such a face as Mr. Kingsley's. That face was the chief pleasure of all. There is such a sublime spirituality; he looks so far above this earth, as if he were wrapt up in grand reveries; one feels such intense humility and awe of him." Another potent influence was John Ruskin. She had consulted him as to the chance of supporting herself by painting, and he asked her to design and paint a table top. The spray of bramble leaves in all their autumn colors charmed Ruskin, who undertook to train her and give her work. She was his champion and his critic. "I see much, very, very much, to admire in him, and several things which I could wish different." On her fifteenth birthday, she describes a visit from Ruskin, who gave her some hints about color, and ordered five slabs to be painted for him. "If you had seen the kind and gentle way in which he spoke, the interest he showed, the noble way in which he treated every subject, the pretty way in which he gave the order, and lastly, if you had seen him as he said on going away, his eyes full of tears, 'I wish you all success with all my heart,' you would have said with me that it was utterly wonderful to think that that was the man who was accused of being mad, presumptuous, conceited and prejudiced. If it be prejudice to love right and beauty, if it be conceited to declare that God had revealed them to you, to endeavor to make your voice heard in their defence, if it be mad to believe in their triumph, and that we must work to make them triumph, then he is all four, and may God make us all so!" In March, 1855, she visited Denmark Hill and had a long conversation with Ruskin in his study. "I would give years," she wrote, "if I could bring to Ruskin 'the peace which passeth all understanding.'" The friendship ripened. Rus-

kin came to see her work and said, "This is quite a marvellous piece of drawing, Octavia." When she showed him a copy of one of Albert Dürer's works he exclaimed, "Is that yours? I was going to say you had been cutting up my print." He thought it as accurate as it could possibly be without absolutely tracing it. In 1860 they talked about the wickedness both of rich and poor. "Ruskin spoke of the little children like angels he saw running about the dirty streets, and thought how they were to be made wicked. I spoke about the frightful want of feeling in all classes; but added that I thought rich people were now waking up to a sense of their duties. 'Yes,' he said, 'I'm glad that you and I have probably a good deal of life still to come. I think we may live to see some great changes in society.' 'I hope at least,' I said, 'to see some great changes in individuals before I die.' 'Oh, no,' he said, 'that's quite hopeless; people are always the same. You can't alter natures.'" The girl of twenty-one maintained that she had altered very much during the last few years. Ruskin "laughed very kindly, saying, 'Oh, no, you're not; you're just the same as ever; only you know more.'" She adds, "But it does make all the difference in the world whether we are fully developing all that we are meant to be, conquering all bad passions, or not."

In December, 1860, the Hills moved to 14 Nottingham Place, Marylebone. Octavia had a weekly gathering in the kitchen of poor women who were taught to cut out and make clothes. One night a woman fainted. Octavia found that she was living in a damp, unhealthy kitchen and had been up all the previous night washing while she rocked the baby's cradle with her foot. No better rooms could be found where the children would be taken. The young philanthropist remembered

all that her grandfather had said about the toy-makers in East London, and she realized that the same evil was at her own door. Just at the time she had to take her drawings to Ruskin. His father had died and he was feeling the responsibility of wealth. He told his visitor what was in his heart, and she suggested that better homes should be provided for the poor. Ruskin offered to provide money to buy a tenement house if she would manage it. He suggested that he should receive five per cent for his capital, so that the scheme should be on a business footing that would make it an example to others. The girl exclaimed, "Who will ever hear of what I do?" At the beginning of 1865 the lease of three six-roomed houses in a court full of wild, dirty, ignorant and violent people, near Nottingham Place, was secured, and the memorable experiment began. A bit of freehold ground covered with old stables, five cottages and a large house and garden were also bought by Mr. Ruskin. A playground was thus secured, and eighteen additional rooms made available for the poor. Fruit appeared quickly. The children were delighted at any suggestion of employment "instead of fighting and sitting in the gutter, with dirty faces and listless, vacant expression. I found an eager little crowd threading beads, last time I was in the playground." The girl felt almost awed as she compared her present position with the days when she seemed so powerless. Ruskin was impressed with her "greatness, and told some one she was the best person he knew." Opportunities multiplied. The sisters gave a concert to upwards of a hundred poor people, eighty of whom were blind. One of these said of music: "Why, you know it is like meat and drink to us blind." The courts taught Miss Hill many things. "A man accepts underpaid

work; a little is scraped up by one child, a little begged by another; a gigantic machinery of complicated charities relieves a man of half his responsibilities, not once and for all clearly and definitely, but—probably or possibly—he gets help here or there. There is no certainty, no quiet, no order in his way of subsisting. And he has an innate sense that his most natural wants ought to be supplied if he works; so he takes our gifts thankfully; and then we blame him or despise him for his alternate servility and ingratitude; and we dare not use his large desires to urge him to effort; and, if he will make none, let him suffer; but please God one day we shall arrange to be ready with work for every man, and give him nothing if he will not work; we cannot do the latter without the former, I believe."

She was trying to develop a sense of self-respect in her tenants. The court was manifestly improved. Windows were broken out on all the staircases, the rooms were cleaned, a large, clean cistern was put in, "and oh! it is so fresh and neat compared with what it was." The tenants became her friends; the worst boys in the neighborhood met her smiling and happy. Her days were crowded with service for the poor. Some one described her at Ben Rhydding in 1871 as "a lady of great force and energy, with a wide, open and well-stored brain, but, withal, as gentle and womanly as a woman can be; and possessed of a wonderful tact, which makes her the most instructive and the pleasantest companion in the establishment." She took an active share in the work of the Charity Organization Committee, and saw what service ladies might render under the Poor Law. Carlyle praised her. "Of a most faithful disposition, with clear sagacity to guide it. You can't get faithful people; they're quite exceptional. I

never heard of another like this one. The clear mind and perfect attention, meaning nothing but good to the people, and taking infinite care to tell them no lies."

Those words she wrote "came to me like the blessing of a prophet; something as if they partly bound me to live up to them, partly crowned me with honor for having suggested them, and partly soothed me for present troubles, and helped me to see how ephemeral they were."

Carlyle's estimate expressed the conviction of all who knew her. In 1874 a number of wealthy friends had settled an income on her which set her free from the struggles of her earlier life and enabled her to devote herself to the development of her plans for housing reform. She told Mr. Shaw, who had prepared this delightful surprise, "I have more than enough for holidays and everything I can possibly want, as much as ever I wish to have." Lord Pembroke set her to work to purchase £6,000 worth of houses for poor tenants, and in 1884 she had to take charge of forty-eight houses in Deptford. The same year the Ecclesiastical Commissioners persuaded her to undertake the management of some of their property in Southwark and then in Lambeth. Dr. Temple gave an amusing account of the way she proved to the Commissioners that they were wrong in certain matters: "When she had talked to us for half an hour we were quite refuted. I never had such a beating in my life! Consequently I feel a great respect for her. So fully did she convince us, that we not only did what she asked us on that estate, but proceeded to carry out similar plans on other estates." When she gave evidence in 1893 before the Royal Commission on Pensions for the Aged Poor, Mr. Chamberlain asked her some "rather catchy questions," but her clear, cool head enabled her to come

out in triumph. Mr. Chamberlain acknowledged himself vanquished, and another Commissioner said to her privately: "How well you tackled Joel!" and "You *did* stand up to Joel!"

She gathered round her a splendid band of fellow workers who shared her spirit and carried out her plans. Her sisters were only less gifted and useful than herself, and to them she felt herself under a constant debt. Her own activities were unceasing. She was keenly concerned in the effort to secure open spaces for Londoners and footpaths in all parts of the country, and won notable successes at Swiss Cottage Fields, Parliament Fields, and other places.

Miss Hill's letters, to each section of which her brother-in-law has prefixed interesting details supplied by his wife and her sisters, throw much light on her own character. When she found her influence growing so rapidly in 1874 she tells a friend: "I do so often tremble lest I should spoil all by growing despotic or narrow-minded, or overbearing, or selfish; such power as I have is a quite terrible responsibility; and so few people tell me where I am wrong." She loved life and all it brought. Five years earlier she told the same friend "O Mary! life and its many interests is a great, blessed possession. I love it so much. . . . And yet it seems such a simple, quiet thing to slip out of it presently; and for other and better people to take up their work, and carry it on for their day, too." She was jealous lest public service should make her excuse herself from small daily duties. "It is by the small graciounesses, by the thoroughness of the out-of-sight detail that God will judge our spirit and our work. My difficulty is always to secure this exquisite thoroughness, which alone seems to make the work *true*, and yet to delegate it. I used to think that time would soften passionate en-

grossment, and leave me leisure to perceive the little wants of others; but I think I pant with almost increasing passionate longing for the great things I see before me." All her life long she was inspired by the thought expressed in 1860: "I think the time will come when all this round world will seem . . . mainly precious because it was made by a Father, and redeemed by His Son." For more than a year before her death she suffered from breathlessness. At Easter 1912 she became aware that her illness was serious. She went to Larksfield, Crockham Hill, in May, and enjoyed watching the flowers and birds. On June 3 she got back again to London, seeing friends up to within three days of her death. Mr. Maurice says: "She was anxious that her illness should not attract public attention; but, as it became known, flowers and loving messages came pouring in, which touched her deeply. She longed to see her relations and friends, and was delighted to welcome all, as far as her failing strength would allow. One of her nieces, after visiting her, wrote, 'It was like Heaven to be with her;' and others felt the same. She seemed to glow with faith and unselfish love, and she had a sweet smile for every one who rendered the least service. She spoke of her work: 'I might have given it a few more touches, but I think it is nearly all planned now, very well.' She felt that its future was safe. 'When I think of all this, it does not seem like death, but a new life.' Her feeling was well expressed in 1898 when she thanked her friends for the portrait presented to her. 'When I am gone, I hope my friends will not try to carry out any special system, or to follow blindly in the track which I have trodden. New circumstances require new efforts; and it is the spirit, not the dead form, that should be perpetuated. When the time

comes that we slip from our places, and they are called to the front as leaders, what should they inherit from us? Not a system, not an association, not dead formulas. . . . What we care most to leave them is not any tangible thing, however great, not any memory, however good, but the quick eye to see, the true soul to measure,

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the large hope to grasp the mighty issues of the new and better days to come—greater ideals, greater hope, and patience to realize both." She died on August 12, 1912, and was laid to rest in the quiet little churchyard at Crockham Hill, near Edenbridge; but her spirit lives, and it is one of the forces that is regenerating England.

John Telford.

BALZAC.*

It is a pleasure to meet M. Emile Faguet on the same ground of mastered critical method and in the same air of cool deliberation and conclusion that so favored his excellent study of Flaubert in the rich series to which the present volume belongs. It was worth while waiting these many years for a Balzac to get it at last from a hand of so firm a grip, if not quite of the very finest manipulative instinct. It can scarce ever be said of M. Faguet that he tends to play with a subject, at least a literary one; but nobody is better for circling his theme in sound and easy pedestrian fashion, for taking up each of its aspects in order, for a sense, above all, of the order in which they *should* be taken, and for then, after doing them successively justice, reaching the point from which they appear to melt together. He thus gives us one of those literary portraits the tradition of which, so far at least as they are the fruit of method, has continued scantily to flourish among ourselves. We cannot help thinking, indeed, that an ideally authoritative portrait of Balzac would be the work of some pondering painter able to measure the great man's bequest a little more from within or by a coincidence of special

* "Balzac." Par Emile Faguet, de l'Académie Française. Les Grands Écrivains Français. Hachette. 2s.)

faculty, or that, in other words, the particular initiation and fellow-feeling of some like—that is, not too unlike—imaginative projector as well are rather wanted here to warm and color the critical truth to the right glow of appreciation. Which comes to saying, we quite acknowledge, that a "tribute" to Balzac, of however embracing an intention, may still strike us as partly unachieved if we fail to catch yearning and shining through it, like a motive in a musical mixture or a thread of gold in a piece of close weaving, the all but overriding sympathy of novelist with novelist. M. Faguet's intelligence, at any rate, sweeps his ground clear of the anecdotal, the question-begging reference to odds and ends of the personal and superficial, in a single short chapter, and, having got so promptly over this second line of defence, attacks at once the issue of his author's general ideas—matters apt to be, in any group of contributors to a "series" of our own, exactly what the contributor most shirks considering.

It is true that few writers, and especially few novelists, bring up that question with anything like the gross assurance and systematic confidence of Balzac, who clearly took for involved in his plan of a complete picture of the manners and aspects of his country and his period that he

should have his confident "say" about as many things as possible, and who, throughout his immense work, appears never for an instant or in any connection to flinch from that complacency. Here it is easy to await him, waylay him and catch him in the act, with the consequence, for the most part, of our having to recognize almost with compassion the disparity between the author of "La Cousine Bette" exercising his genius, as Matthew Arnold said of Ruskin, in making a like distinction, and the same writer taking on a character not in the least really rooted in that soil. The fact none the less that his generalizing remains throughout so markedly inferior to his particularizing—which latter element and very essence of the novelist's art it was his greatness to carry further and apply more consistently than any member of the craft, without exception, has felt the impulse, to say nothing of finding the way, to do—by no means wholly destroys the interest of the habit itself or relieves us of a due attention to it; so characteristic and significant, so suggestive even of his special force, though in a manner indirect, are the very folds and redundancies of this philosopher's robe that flaps about his feet and drags along the ground like an assumed official train. The interest here—where it is exactly that a whole face of his undertaking would be most illumined for the fellow-artist we imagine trying to exhibit him—depends much less on what his reflection and opinion, his irrepressible *obiter dicta* and monstrous *suffisances* of judgment may be, than on the part played in his scheme by his holding himself ready at every turn and at such short notice to judge. For this latter fact probably lights up more than any other his conception of the range of the novel, the fashion after which, in his hands, it had been felt as an all-inclusive form, a form without rift or

leak, a tight mould, literally, into which everything relevant to a consideration of the society surrounding him—and the less relevant unfortunately, as well as the more—might be poured in a stream of increasing consistency, the underlapping subject stretched, all so formidably, to its own constituted edge and the compound appointed to reproduce, as in finest and subtlest relief, its every minutest feature, overlying and corresponding with it all round to the loss of no fraction of an inch.

It is thus the painter's aspiring and rejoicing consciousness of the great square swarming picture, the picture of France from side to side and from top to bottom, which he proposes to copy—unless we see the collective quantity rather as the vast primary model or sitter that he is unprecedentedly to portray—it is this that, rendering him enviable in proportion to his audacity and his presumption, gives a dignity to everything that makes the consciousness whole. The result is a state of possession of his material unlike that of any other teller of tales whatever about a circumjacent world, and the process of his gain of which opens up well-nigh the first of those more or less baffling questions, parts indeed of the great question of the economic rule, the practical secret, of his activity that beset us as soon as we study him. To fit what he was and what he did, that is the measure of how he used himself and how he used every one and everything else, into his after all so brief career (for twenty years cover the really productive term of it) is for ourselves, we confess, to renounce any other solution than that of his having proceeded by a sense for facts, the multitudinous facts of the scene about him, that somehow involved a preliminary, a pre-experiential inspiration, a straightness of intuition truly impossible to give an ac-

count of and the like of which had never before been shown. He had not to learn things in order to know them; and even though he multiplied himself in more ways than we can reckon up, going hither and thither geographically, leading his life with violence, as it were, though always with intention, and wasting almost nothing that had ever touched him, the natural man, the baptized and registered Honoré, let loose with harsh promptitude upon a world formed from the first moment to excite his voracity, can only have been *all* the exploiting agent, the pushing inquirer, the infallible appraiser, the subject of an *arrière-pensée* as merciless, in spite of being otherwise genial, as the black care riding behind the horseman. There was thus left over for him less of mere human looseness, of mere emotion, of mere naturalness, or of any curiosity whatever, that didn't "pay"—and the extent to which he liked things to pay, to see them, think of them, and describe them as prodigiously paying, is not to be expressed—than probably marks any recorded relation between author and subject as we know each of these terms.

So it comes that his mastership of whatever given identity might be in question, and much more of the general identity of his rounded (for the artistic vision), his compact and containing France, the fixed, felt frame to him of the vividest items and richest characteristics of human life, can really not be thought of as a matter of degrees of confidence, as acquired or built up or cumbered with verifying fears. He *was* the given identity and, on the faintest shade of a hint about it caught up, became one with it and lived it—this is the only way in which he could live, anywhere or at any time: which was by losing himself in its relation to his need or to what we call his voracity. Just so his

mind, his whole power of apprehension, worked *naturally* in the interest of a society exhibited to that appetite; on the mere approach to the exhibition he inhaled information, he recognized himself as what he might best be known for, an historian unprecedented, an historian documented as none had not only ever been, but had ever dreamed of being—and even if the method of his documentation can leave us for the most part but wondering. The method of his use of it, or of a portion of it, we more or less analyze and measure; but the wealth of his provision or outfit itself, the crammed store of his categories and *cadres*, leaves us the more stupefied as we feel it to have been honestly come by. All this is what it is impossible not to regard as in itself a fundamental felicity such as no *confrère* had known; so far, indeed, as Balzac suffered *confrères* or as the very nature of his faculty could be thought of for them. M. Brunetière's monograph of some years ago, which is but a couple of degrees less weighty, to our sense, than this of M. Faguet before us, justly notes that, whatever other felicity may have graced the exercise of such a genius, for instance, as that rare contemporary George Sand, she was reduced well-nigh altogether to drawing upon resources and enjoying advantages comparatively vague and unassured. She had, of course, in a manner her special resource and particular advantage, which consisted, so to speak, in a finer feeling about what she did possess and could treat of with authority, and particularly in a finer command of the terms of expression, than any involved in Balzac's "happier" example. But her almost fatal weakness as a novelist—an exponent of the art who has waned exactly as, for our general long-drawn appreciation, Balzac's has waxed—comes from her having had to throw herself upon

ground that no order governed, no frame, as we have said, enclosed, and no safety attended: safety of the sort, we mean, the safety of the constitutive, illustrative fact among facts, which we find in her rival as a warm socialized air, an element supremely assimilable.

It may freely be pronounced interesting that whereas, in her instinct for her highest security, she threw herself upon the consideration of love as the *type* attraction or most representable thing in the human scene, so, assuredly, no student of that field has, in proportion to the thoroughness of his study, felt he could afford to subordinate, or almost even to neglect, it to anything like the tune in which we see it put and kept in its place throughout the parts of *Comédie Humaine* that most count. If this passion but too often exhales a tepid breath in much other fiction—much other of ours at least—that is apt to be decidedly less through the writer's sense of proportion than through his failure of art, or in other words of intensity. It is rarely absent by intention or by intelligence, it is pretty well always there as the theoretic principal thing—any difference from writer to writer being mostly in the power to put the principal thing effectively forward. It figures as a pressing, an indispensable even if a perfunctory motive, for example, in every situation devised by Walter Scott; the case being simply that if it doesn't in fact attractively occupy the foreground, this is because his hand has had so native, so much greater, an ease for other parts of the picture. What makes Balzac so pre-eminent and exemplary that he was to leave the novel a quite other and a vastly more capacious and significant affair than he found it, is his having felt his fellow-creatures (almost altogether for him his contemporaries) as quite failing of reality, as

swimming in the vague and the void and the abstract, unless their social conditions, to the last particular, their generative and contributive circumstances, of every discernible sort, enter for all these are "worth" into his representative attempt. This great compound of the total looked into and starting up in its every element, as it always does, to meet the eye of genius and patience half way, bristled for him with all its branching connections, those thanks to which any figure could be a figure only by being endlessly entangled in them.

So it was then that his huge felicity, to re-emphasize our term, was in his state of circulating where recognitions and identifications didn't so much await as rejoicingly assault him, having never yet in all the world, grudging or at the best suspected feeders as they were at the board where sentiment occupied the head, felt themselves so finely important or subject to such a worried intention. They hung over a scene as to which it was one of the forces of his inspiration that history had lately been there at work, with incomparable energy and inimitable art, to pile one upon another, not to say squeeze and dovetail violently into each other, after such a fashion as might defy competition anywhere, her successive deposits and layers of form and order, her restless determinations of appearance—so like those of the different "states" of an engraver's impression; all to an effect which *should* have constituted, as by a miracle of coincidence it did, the paradise of an extraordinary observer. Balzac lived accordingly, extraordinary since he was, in an earthly heaven so near perfect for his kind of vision that he could have come at no moment more conceivably blest to him. The later part of the eighteenth century, with the Revolution, the Empire and the Restoration, had inimitably conspired

together to scatter abroad the separate marks and stigmas, their separate trails of character and physiognomic hits—for which advantage he might have arrived too late, as his hapless successors, even his more or less direct imitators, visibly have done. The fatal fusions and uniformities inflicted on our newer generations, the running together of all the differences of form and tone, the ruinous liquefying wash of the great industrial brush over the old conditions of contrast and color, doubtless still have left the painter of manners much to do, but have ground him down to the sad fact that his ideals of differentiation, those inherent oppositions from type to type, in which drama most naturally resides, have well-nigh perished. They pant for life in a hostile air; and we may surely say that their last successful struggle, their last bright resistance to eclipse among ourselves, was in their feverish dance to the great fiddling of Dickens. Dickens made them dance, we seem to see, caper and kick their heels, wave their arms, and above all agitate their features, for the simple reason that he couldn't make them stand or sit *at once* quietly and expressively, couldn't make them look straight out as for themselves—quite in fact as through his not daring to, not feeling he could afford to, in a changing hour when ambiguities and the wavering line, droll and “dodgy” dazzlements and the possibly undetected factitious alone, might be trusted to keep him right with an incredibly uncritical public, a public blind to the difference between a shade and a patch.

Balzac, on the other hand, born as we have seen to confidence, the tonic air of his paradise, might make character, in the sense in which we use it, that of the element exposable to the closest verification, sit or stand for its “likeness” as still as ever it would. It is true that he could, as he often

did, resort to fond extravagance, since he was apt at his worst to plunge into agitation for mere agitation's sake—which is a course that, by any turn, may cast the plunger on the barrenest strand. But he is at his best when the conditions, the whole complex of subdivisible form and pressure, are virtually themselves the situation, the action and the interest, or in other words when these things exhaust themselves, as it were, in expressing the persons we are concerned with, agents and victims alike, and when by such vivified figures, whether victims or agents, they are themselves completely expressed. The three distinguished critics who have best studied him, Taine, Brunetière, and now (as well as before this) M. Faguet—the first the most eloquent but the loosest, and the last the closest even if the driest—are in agreement indeed as to the vast quantity of waste in him, inevitably judging the romanticist as who he so frequently, speculatively, desperately paraded altogether inferior to the realist whose function he could still repeatedly and richly and for his greater glory exercise. This estimate of his particularly greater glory is of a truth not wholly shared by M. Taine; but the three are virtually at one, where we of course join them, or rather go further than they, as to the enviability, so again to call it (and by which we mean the matchless freedom of play), of his harvesting sense when he gave himself up in fullest measure to his apprehension of the dense wholeness of reality. It was this that led him on and kept him true to that happily largest side of his labor by which he must massively live; just as it is this, the breath of his real geniality, when every abatement is made, that stirs to loyalty those who, under his example, also take his direction and find their joy in watching him thoroughly at work. We see then how,

when social character and evolved type are the prize to be grasped, the facts of observation and certification, uninterestingly social and historic too, that form and fondle and retouch it, never relaxing their action, are so easily and blessedly absolute to him that this is what we mean by their virtue.

When there were enough of these quantities and qualities flowering into the definite and the absolute for him to feed on, feed if not to satiety at least to the largest loosening of his intellectual belt, there were so many that we may even fall in with most of M. Faguet's discriminations and reserves about him and yet find his edifice rest on proportioned foundations. For it is his assimilation of things and things, of his store of them and of the right ones, the right for representation, that leaves his general image, even with great chunks of surface surgically, that is critically, removed, still coherent and erect. There are moments when M. Faguet—most surgical he!—seems to threaten to remove so much that we ask ourselves in wonder what may be left; but no removal matters while the principle of observation animating the mass is left unattacked. Our present critic, for instance, is "down"—very intelligently down—as seems to us—on some of the sides of his author's rich temperamental vulgarity; which is accompanied on those sides by want of taste, want of wit, want of style, want of knowledge of ever so many parts of the general subject, too precipitately proposed, and want of fineness of feeling about ever so many others. We agree with him freely enough, subject always to this reserve, already glanced at, that a novelist of a high æsthetic sensibility must always find more in any other novelist worth considering seriously at all than he can perhaps hope to impart even to the most intelligent of critics pure and simple his subtle reasons

for. This said, we lose ourselves to admiration, in such a matter, for example, as the tight hug of the mere material, the supremely important if such ever was, represented by the appeal to us on behalf of the money-matters of César Birotteau.

This illustration gains logically, much more than loses, from the rank predominance of the money-question, the money-vision, throughout all Balzac. There are lights in which it can scarce not appear to us that his own interest is greater, his possibilities of attention truer, in these pressing particulars than in all other questions put together; there could be no better sign of the appreciation of "things," exactly, than so never relaxed a grasp of the part played in the world by just these. Things for things, the franc, the shilling, the dollar, are the very most underlying and conditioning, even dramatically, even poetically, that call upon him; and we have everywhere to recognize how little he feels himself to be telling us of this, that, and the other person unless he has first given us full information, with every detail, either as to their private means, their income, investments, savings, losses, to state in fine of their pockets, or as to their immediate place of habitation, their home, their outermost shell, with its windows and doors, its outside appearance and inside plan, its rooms and furniture and arrangements, its altogether intimate facts, down to its very smell. This prompt and earnest evocation of the shell and its lining is but another way of testifying with due emphasis to economic conditions. The most personal shell of all, the significant dress of the individual, whether man or woman, is subject to as sharp and as deep a notation—it being no small part of his wealth of luck that the edge of dress differentiated and particularized from class to class and character to character, not least more-

over among men, could still give him opportunities of choice, still help him to specify and intensify, or peculiarly to *place* his apparitions. The old world in which costume had, to the last refinement of variety, a social meaning happily lingered on for him; and nothing is more interesting, nothing goes further in this sense of the way the social concrete could minister to him, than the fact that "César Birotteau," to instance that masterpiece again, besides being a money-drama of the closest texture, the very epic of retail bankruptcy, is at the same time the all-vividest exhibition of the habited and figured, the representatively stamped and countenanced, buttoned and buckled state of the persons moving through it. No livelier example therefore can we name of the triumphant way in which any given or as we should rather say taken, total of conditions works out under our author's hand for accentuation of type. The story of poor Birotteau is just in this supreme degree a hard total, even if every one's money-relation does loom larger, for his or her case, than anything else.

The main thing doubtless to agree with M. Faguet about, however, is the wonder of the rate at which this genius for an infatuated grasp of the environment could multiply the creatures swarming, and swarming at their best to perfection, in that jungle of elements. A jungle certainly the environment, the rank, many-colored, picture of France, would have been had it not really created in our observer the joy, thanks to his need of a clear and marked order, of its becoming so arrangeable. Nothing could interest us more than to note with our critic that such multiplications—taken after all at such a rush—have to be paid for by a sort of limitation of quality in each, the quality that, beyond a certain point and after a certain al-

lowance, ever looks askance at any approach to what it may be figured as taking for *insolence* of quantity. Some inquiry into the general mystery of such laws of payment would beckon us on, had we the space—whereby we might glance a little at the wondrous why and wherefore of the sacrifice foredoomed, the loss, greater or less, of those ideals now compromised by the tarnished names of refinement and distinction, yet which we are none the less, at our decentest, still ashamed too entirely to turn our backs on, in the presence of energies that, shaking the air by their embrace of the common, tend to dispossess the rare of a certified place in it. Delightful to the critical mind to estimate the point at which, in the picture of life, a sense for the element of the rare ceases to consort with a sense, necessarily large and lusty, for the varieties of the real that superabound. Reducible perhaps to some exquisite measure is this point of fatal divergence. It declared itself, the divergence, in the heart of Balzac's genius; for nothing about him is less to be gainsaid than that on the other or further side of a certain line of rareness drawn his authority, so splendid on the hither or familiar side, is sadly liable to lapse. It fails to take in whatever fine truth experience may have vouchsafed to us about the highest kinds of temper, the inward life of the mind, the *cultivated* consciousness. His truest and vividest people are those whom the conditions in which they are so palpably embedded have simplified not less than emphasized; simplified mostly to singleness of motive and passion and interest, to quite measurably finite existence; whereas his ostensibly higher spirits, types necessarily least observed and most independently thought out, in the interest of their humanity, as we would fain ourselves think them, are his falsest and weakest and

show most where his imagination and his efficient sympathy break down.

To say so much as this is doubtless to provoke the question of where and how then, under so many other restrictions, he is so great—which question is answered simply by our claim for his unsurpassed mastery of the "middling" sort, so much the most numerous in the world, the middling sort pressed upon by the vast variety of their dangers. These it is, in their multitude, whom he makes individually living, each with a clustered bunch of concomitants, as no one, to our mind, has equalled him in doing—above all with the amount of repetition of the feat considered. Finer images than the middling, but so much fewer, other creative talents have thrown off; swarms of the common, on the other hand, have obeyed with an even greater air of multitude perhaps than in Balzac's pages the big brandished enumerative wand—only with a signal forfeiture in this case of that gift of the sharply separate, the really rounded, personality which he untiringly conferred. Emile Zola by so far the strongest example of his influence, mustered groups and crowds beyond even the master's own compass; but as throughout Zola we live and move for the most part but in crowds (he thinking his best but in terms of crowdedness), so in Balzac, where he rises highest, we deal, whether or no more for our sense of ugliness than of beauty, but with memorable person after person. He thought, on his side—when he thought at least to good purpose—in terms the most expressively personal, in such as could even eventuate in monsters and forms of evil the most finished we know; so that if he too has left us a multitude of which we may say that it stands alone for solidity, it nevertheless exists by addition and extension, not by a chemical shaking-together, a cheapen-

ing or diminishing fusion. It is not that the series of the Rougon Macquart has not several distinct men and women to show—though they occur, as a fact, almost in "*L'Assommoir*" alone; it is not either that Zola did not on occasion try for the cultivated consciousness, a thing of course, so far as ever achieved anywhere, necessarily separate and distinguished. He tried, however, for that matter, with a futility only a shade less marked than Balzac's, and perhaps would have tried with equal disaster had he happened to try oftener. If we find in his pages no such spreading waste as Balzac's general picture of the classes "enjoying every advantage," that is of the socially highest—to the elder writer's success in depicting particularly the female members of which Sainte-Beuve, and Brunetière in his footsteps, have rendered such strange and stupefying homage—the reason may very well be that such groups could not in the nature of the case figure to him after the fashion in which he liked groups to figure, as merely herded and compressed. To Balzac they were groups in which individualization might be raised to its very finest; and it is by this possibility in them that we watch him and his fertile vulgarity, his peccant taste, so fallible for delicacies, so unerring for simplicities, above all doubtless the homeliest, strongest and grimmest, woefully led astray. But it is fairly almost a pleasure to our admiration, before him, to see what we have permitted ourselves to call the "chunks" of excision carted off to the disengagement of the values that still live. The wondrous thing is that they live best where his grand vulgarity—since we are not afraid of the word—serves him rather than betrays; which it *has* to do, we make out, over the greater part of the field of any observer for whom man is on the whole cruelly, crush-

ingly, deformedly conditioned. We grant that as to Balzac's view, and yet feel the view to have been at the same time incomparably active and productively genial; which are by themselves somehow qualities and reactions that redress the tragedy and the doom. The vulgarity was at any rate a force that simply got nearer than any other could have done to the

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whole detail, the whole intimate and evidenced story, of submission and perversion, and as such it could but prove itself immensely human. It is on all this considered ground that he has for so many years stood firm and that we feel him by reason of it and in spite of them, in spite of all that has come and gone, not to have yielded, have "given," an inch.

PAST AMERICAN TARIFFS.

If one may look into the future, the Underwood Bill seems likely to stand out as one of the most prominent landmarks of American tariff history. For the first time the level of the tariff is to be seriously lowered from the point which it reached during the Civil War. We are even carried back to the time, nearly a century ago, when the tariff was in its infancy, and when, compared with the absurdly high rates of recent years, the American merchant and consumer were left almost unrestricted to buy the best goods in the cheapest market. For America has not always been a protected country. After the Declaration of Independence each State was for a time allowed to manage its own Customs, but the reaction from the restrictive policy of Great Britain was strong enough to prevent any State from adopting high protective duties. The Constitution of 1787 placed the tariff in the hands of the Federal Government, but the duties continued to be quite moderate. The chief protective feature in the Tariff Act of 1789 was a provision, reminiscent of the clause recently deleted from the Underwood Bill, granting an abatement of ten per cent of the duty leviable on all goods imported in United States vessels.

The first definite foundation of the American policy of protection may be

dated from 1791, when Alexander Hamilton, then Secretary to the Treasury, issued his "Report on Manufactures"—a remarkable document, pleading for protection of infant industries. This report for some years had little effect, and virtual Free-trade continued to prevail. But in 1816 the movement for protection of domestic industry won a notable victory. Throughout the Napoleonic Wars American manufactures had been stimulated by the Continental blockade, and by the quarrel with Great Britain, which began with an embargo and Non-Intercourse Act, and culminated in the War of 1812-15. American trade and shipping were very severely hampered, and imports and exports had been reduced to vanishing point by 1814. Manufacturers had enjoyed complete protection against British goods, and had greatly developed their activities. All at once, however, the American ports were opened again to an influx of imported goods, dumped at very low prices to relieve the congestion in Great Britain, and to destroy the American manufacturers. Naturally there was a loud cry for Protection, resulting in the Tariff Act of 1816, which imposed duties averaging about 20 per cent. But even then the tariff was largely the result of financial needs, and protectionist feel-

ing was only partly responsible. From this time forward for twenty years the movement for Protection was strong. The manufacturers of the Eastern States supported it, while the agricultural interests of the Middle and Western States were imbued with the idea of developing the home market, and securing protection for some raw materials, such as hemp, wool, and flax. The South, however, was violently hostile, complaining that it consumed more foreign manufactured goods than any other part of the country, while its industry could not be encouraged, and the greater part of the duties which it paid were spent in the Northern States. So incensed was the South at the extravagant tariff of 1828 and the very slight reductions made in 1832 that active opposition was mooted, and the Legislature of South Carolina actually voted the "nullification" of the Act. The imposition of duties for any other purpose than that of revenue was regarded in the South as unconstitutional, and the policy of the manufacturing interests thus accentuated the cleavage between the advocates of State Rights in the South and of Federal Rights in the North. This cleavage in economic interest between North and South, associated as it was with the doctrine of State Rights, stands out as the dominating feature of American politics in the nineteenth century up to the time of the Civil War. For a time, indeed, the gulf was bridged by a compromise in 1833, providing for a gradual reduction of duties. In 1842 some increase of duties was rendered necessary by extravagant expenditure and commercial depression, but in 1846—the year of the repeal of the Corn Laws—a reduction was again decided on. Eleven years later, in 1857, the tariff was reduced to the lowest point at which it has been since 1816.

The serious commercial depression

of 1857, however, revived the demand for Protection, while the quarrel with the Southern States led Free-trade to be confused with slavery. Protectionism, therefore, revived rapidly, and the movement for higher duties was assisted by the needs of the Government, which imposed enormously high war duties which were combined with internal excises and a federal income-tax. After the war was over the income-tax and excise duties were repealed, but the import duties remained, so that the tariff wall was higher than ever before, and it continued at the same level for some years. Indeed, the high protective system adopted at that time has not been substantially altered to the present day. It is said that the average rate on dutiable goods has at no time since the war been less than 40 or more than 50 per cent, though in the case of many of the most important articles the duties have been much higher.

Early in the 'seventies the growth of the Granger movement among the farmers of the West caused some lowering of duties, but commercial depression and falling revenue very soon made it necessary to raise them again. In 1883 the demand for smaller duties produced a partial revision, but no serious change was made until the McKinley Tariff Act of 1890, the chief features of which were large increases in the rates of duty on competitive articles of importation, the extension of protection to agriculture, so as to appease the farmers, and the abolition of the duty on imported raw sugar, combined with a bounty to American sugar growers. The Republicans hoped in this way to retain their influence over the manufacturers, while winning the support of the working classes by urging the necessity of protecting American labor, and gaining a hold over the Western farmers. The McKinley Act had barely been passed

when the Congressional elections took place. The result showed that the Republicans had radically miscalculated public opinion in the matter of the tariff, for the Democrats carried the House of Representatives by nearly a three-fourths majority, and the Western States were almost solid. There was also a small Democratic majority in the Senate, and when Cleveland was elected President by 277 to 145 in 1892, prospects at last appeared favorable for a serious measure of tariff revision. The situation was in more than one respect similar to that brought about by the election of President Wilson last year. Both the Democratic party and the President were pledged to a sweeping measure of Tariff Reform, while the party had a large majority in the House of Representatives, and a small majority in the Senate. The Wilson Tariff Bill as introduced in the House of Representatives, provided wherever practicable for *ad valorem* instead of specific duties, and the freeing from taxation of the chief raw materials. The free list was much extended, and the rates of duty generally lowered, while the loss of revenue anticipated was recouped by an Internal Revenue Bill, taxing the incomes of individuals and corporations at the rate of 2 per cent. Unfortunately, however, the Democrats, seriously weakened by their advocacy of quack currency doctrines, were unable to carry the Bill through the Senate in the shape in which it left the House of Representatives. The measure was emasculated, and though it made considerable downward changes, the modifications were small compared with those which had originally been proposed. Some chemicals, copper, lumber, flax, hemp, raw wool, hides, coffee, fish, and some agricultural products were transferred to the free list. The reduction on iron bars and blooms was over 75 per cent, while re-

ductions of from 50 to 75 per cent were made on many manufactured goods and on some agricultural products. The tariff revision, however, happened to coincide with a period of acute commercial depression, and, as usually happens in such cases, the tariff changes were blamed for disturbances which were really due to the unsound conditions of American trade. Moreover, the Supreme Court reversed its decision of the Civil War period with regard to the income-tax, and declared the tax unconstitutional.

The discredit which the Democratic party sustained during this period, and particularly its silver currency propaganda, produced a setback to the American tariff reform movement, from which it has only recently recovered. The return of the Republicans to power, with McKinley as President, heralded the notorious Dingley Tariff of 1897, which imposed higher rates of duty than any preceding tariff. The Dingley Tariff reversed the Wilson Act by again applying duties to many exempted raw materials, including wool, and by again increasing the duties on manufactured goods, which had been cut down in 1893. A further symptom of reaction was the return from *ad valorem* duties to composite *ad valorem* and specific rates.

The Dingley Tariff remained in force for twelve years. The Spanish-American War and questions of foreign policy attracted attention, while the Democrats continued, until well after the turn of the century, to be identified with "free silver," and lost influence thereby. In the South, industrial development was affecting the traditional attitude towards tariff questions in favor of Protection. Nevertheless, the strong free-trade influence of the Western farmers could not be permanently obscured, while the steady rise of prices, which was ad-

versely affecting the working classes, and the idea that tariffs fostered trusts, told in favor of lower import duties, so that even the Republicans found it impossible entirely to resist the popular demand. Both parties, therefore, declared in favor of downward revision, and the election of Taft was followed by the Payne Tariff of 1909. In this Act numerous commodities were reclassified and many rates altered, but the worst features of the

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Dingley Tariff were left substantially unchanged, and the net effect of the revision was an almost inappreciable lowering of the duties. It was clear that attempts to secure a thorough revision of the tariff by the Republicans were quite futile, and this feeling played a powerful part in the Democratic revival, the firstfruits of which are now, it may be hoped, about to be gathered.

PANAMA AND BRITISH TRADE.

Colonel Goethals, the chief engineer of the Panama Canal, was asked recently by a steamship company when the big new ditch would be ready for traffic. His reply was, "The canal will be completed and ready for ships in May, 1914." About a year hence, therefore, something like a new era in commercial and maritime affairs will be inaugurated. The British world seems as yet not to have wakened up to the great changes which must then set in. We are told of some preparations in the West Indies—the purchase of a site for harbor extensions at Kingston and the establishment, or the intention to establish, oil-bunkering stations in a few islands. Also, as we see, certain steamship companies seem to be rubbing their eyes. Yet the magnitude of the prospective changes seems scarcely to be realized. The opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 was an important event, but the provision of a sea-channel westwards—the passage which Columbus vainly sought and which the nations have desired for four centuries—will have effects far transcending those which followed de Lesseps' achievement at Suez.

It is important for English people to notice that the advantage of the Suez Canal was chiefly for England.

It tilted the commercial and maritime balance rather badly against the United States. For example, before Suez was open, Liverpool had an advantage of 480 miles over New York in the Cape of Good Hope passage to all Asiatic and Australian ports. In the case of Asia this advantage for Liverpool lengthened out, when Suez was open, to 1,924 miles, and in the case of Australia to 1,622 miles. Indeed, with the opening of the Eastern Canal the interest of England and Europe in the long-sought and long-desired western route to Cathay at once diminished, while the United States' interest proportionately increased. Panama is likely to do rather more than adjust the balance as between England and the United States, and it becomes important to see how England and her Empire are going to be affected by this swiftly approaching event.

When the first vessel is passed up and down the gigantic stairways of the Panama locks a vast area of England's over-sea Dominions shifts, if I may so speak, away from England and nearer to the mighty Republic of ninety million English-speaking people in the west. Sydney has been hitherto 13,743 nautical miles distant from New

York (via the Cape), but only 12,235 nautical miles from Liverpool (via Suez), giving Liverpool an advantage of over 1,500 miles. When the Panama Canal is open, New York will be brought to a distance of 9,811 nautical miles from Sydney, giving the American port an advantage of 2,424 miles over the English. Or take Wellington in New Zealand. New York and Liverpool have been, on the old routes, equidistant from that important port of the British Empire. But with the opening of the new Isthmian Canal Wellington suddenly becomes 2,759 miles nearer New York than Liverpool. Now this is no "madrigal affair," as Mr. Owen Seaman would say. It means that the centre of gravity of the English-speaking world is centred more obviously and permanently than ever in the western and not the eastern hemisphere. It may be remembered that in the eighteenth century, when the English Colonies along the American coast began to increase rapidly in population and, what was still more alarming, in manufacturing production, the suggestion began to be made that the King of England should take his crown and throne to America where "the most part of his subjects" seemed likely to be found. That proposal is not likely to be repeated in our days, but England will do well to consider the effect on herself and her Empire of this important change in relative distances. At present she is regarded as the heart and hearth of the British Imperial State. It would be distressing if she should begin to appear some day as an out-of-the-way and comparatively unimportant fragment of the Empire rather than as its *Arx Capitoliumque*.

This considerable shortening of distance between the industrial centres of the United States and Australasia may have an important effect upon the movements of trade. The commerce

of the Atlantic and Gulf ports of the United States with Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand increased between 1900 and 1910 by 67 per cent. The new and quick water-route from these ports to Australasia will place them in a much better position to compete with the United Kingdom in iron and steel and other manufactured exports to these British Dominions. It is pretty clear, therefore, that the trade-preferences which England enjoys in the markets of her Australasian Colonies become important and valuable from the moment when the canal is thrown open to the world's traffic, and that it becomes still more desirable that these favors should be secured and, if possible, developed. It is not necessary to point out what an increased advantage over England and Europe in the supply of manufactured goods to British Columbia and the Canadian West is conferred upon the United States by this new and speedy line of communication.

No result of the Panama Canal will be more striking than the great shrinkage of distance between the eastern United States and the western coasts of the whole American continent. New York has hitherto been at a vast distance from the Pacific-looking coasts of South America. A sailing ship bound from New York to, say, Valparaiso has had first to sail westwards as far as the Canaries in order to catch the trade winds and thus weather Cape St. Roque in East Brazil. The English vessel, on the contrary, goes straight past the Canaries and can give the Yankee many days' start. All these relative distances and advantages are now confounded. Look at these little tables:—

Distances from Liverpool.

| To | Via Magellan's Straits. | Via Panama Canal. |
|------------------|-------------------------|-------------------|
| Valparaiso . . . | 8,747 | 7,297 |
| Iquique . . . | 9,510 | 6,578 |

Distances from New York.

| To | Via Magellan's Straits. | Via Panama Canal. |
|--------------|-------------------------|-------------------|
| Valparaiso . | 8,380 | 4,683 |
| Iquique . | 9,143 | 4,004 |

It will be seen that New York is brought over 5,000 miles nearer the great North Chilean nitrate port of Iquique and over 3,700 miles nearer Valparaiso. Now the point is that England has hitherto practically commanded the supply of manufactured goods to these Latin Americas of the West. What chance has she of maintaining this predominant position with New York brought 2,500 miles nearer to these ports than herself and with no offsetting disadvantage of winds and currents? In cotton goods, iron and steel goods, electrical machinery, etc., America will henceforth compete with England and Europe in these regions with a tremendous handicap in her favor. Moreover, through the Pan-American Union the United States are always drawing into closer relationship with the Republic of the South. Some counteracting influence in the interests of England and English trade is very desirable, and it is satisfactory to know that the twenty Republics of Central and South America are about to establish a permanent museum of their products and industries in London under the auspices of the Bureau of Commerce and Industries on Holborn Viaduct. We wish Mr. Edward Crisp every success in this new enterprise.

Let us look for a moment at the question of the American mercantile marine. The United States have had practically no merchant service engaged in the foreign trade. British ships have mainly done the ocean transport of American commerce with foreign countries, even with Brazil, the Argentine, Chile, and Peru. The Panama Canal is likely to change all that as well. The United

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States keep their coasting trade in their own hands. There will be a big development of that trade when the canal is opened, and the Republic will have to build bigger ships. This will lead to a general development of ship-building, and the United States will soon be doing their own foreign sea transportation. Here again is a direction in which the canal may seriously affect England's interests.

It was recently remarked by the Washington correspondent of the *Times* that the Panama Canal "symbolizes commercial Pan-Americanism." The new enterprise is, so to speak, the assertion of the Monroe Doctrine in a commercial sense. America's trade is to be reserved for Americans. The United States are to be the main suppliers of manufactured goods over the vast continent, and the other States mainly agricultural and mining annexes of the big Republic. The recently foiled American-Canadian Treaty of Reciprocity was a move in this direction. As Mr. Taft said, Canada was to become an "annex" of the United States. The Panama Canal, I must repeat, will serve mainly American interests, mainly American ambitions. With such a prospect as this, England will be wise to develop and strengthen to the utmost the links of preferential trade within the Empire. The next Imperial Conference, due in 1915, will be a little late to discuss the questions arising from the new waterway. Surely in the meantime it would be well to summon a congress to be attended by delegates from British Columbia, Honduras, and Guiana, and the West India Islands to consider the probable effect of the canal on these Colonies, and to devise some scheme of co-operation in order to reap the utmost benefit from this new channel of world-traffic.

J. Saxon Mills.

PRAISE AND PUNISHMENT.

When we sit in judgment on the aggressions and on the shortcomings of others the first need is neither justice nor mercy, but imagination with self-knowledge. The judge should be able to put himself in the place of the accused, to perceive, by sympathetic vision, the point of view of the one who stands before the judgment-seat. The judge is an adult human being, and therefore has some knowledge of the mental and moral processes of human beings. He should use this knowledge; and when it comes to a grown-up judging a child, it is no less necessary for the judge to place himself imaginatively in the place of the small offender. And this cannot be done by imagination and self-consideration alone. Memory is needed. There is only one way of understanding children; they cannot be understood by imagination, by observation, nor even by love. They can only be understood by memory. Only by remembering how you felt and thought when you yourself were a child can you arrive at any understanding of the thoughts and feelings of children. When you were a child you suffered intensely from injustice, from want of understanding, in your grown-up censors. You were punished when you had not meant to do wrong: you escaped punishment when you had not meant to do right. The whole scheme of grown-up law seemed to you, and very likely was, arbitrary and incomprehensible. And you suffered from it desperately. So much that, even if you have now forgotten all that you suffered, the mark of that suffering none the less remains on your soul to this day.

For the humiliations, the mortifications, endured in childhood leave an

ineffaceable brand on the spirit. How, then, can we not remember, and, remembering, refrain from hurting other children as we were hurt?

The spirit of the child is sensitive to the slightest change in the atmosphere about him. You can convey disapproval quite easily, and approval also. But while most parents and guardians are constantly alive to the necessity for expressing disapproval and inflicting punishment, the other side of the medal seems to be hidden from them.

The most prevalent idea of training children is the idea of prohibition and punishment. "You are not to do it! You will? Then take that!" the blow or punishment following—expresses simply and exactly the whole theory of moral education held by the mass of modern mothers. The vast mistake, both in the education of children and the government of nations, is the heavy stress laid on the negative virtues. Also the fact that punishment follows on the failure *not* to do certain things, whereas no commensurate reward is offered even for success in *not* doing, let alone for success in active and honorable well-doing. The reward of negative virtue is negative also, and consists simply in non-punishment. The rewards of active virtue are, in the world of men, money and praise. But there are deeds for which money cannot pay, and sometimes these are rewarded by medals and paragraphs in the newspapers—not at all the same thing as being rewarded by the spontaneous praise of your fellow-men. Now, children, like all sane human beings, love praise. They love it more keenly, perhaps, than other human beings, because their natural craving for it has not been overlaid with false

modesties and shames. They have not learned that

"Praise to the face
Is open disgrace."

On the contrary, praise to the face seems to them natural, right, and altogether desirable. See that they get it.

Do you remember, when you were little, how you struggled to exercise some tiresome negative virtue, such as not biting your nails, not teasing the cat, not executing with your school-boots that heavy shuffling movement, so simply relieving to you, so mysteriously annoying to the grown-ups? Can you have forgotten how, for ages and ages—three or four days, even—you refrained from drinking water with your mouth full of food, from leaving your handkerchief about in spots obvious, natural and convenient? How you sternly denied yourself the pleasure of drawing your hoop-stick along the front railings because, though you enjoyed this musical exercise, others did not? And how, all through the interminable period of self-denial, you heartened yourself to these dismal refrainings by the warm, comfortable thought, "Won't they be pleased?" And how they never were. They took it all as a matter of course. To them, because they had forgotten how it felt to be a child, all your heroic sacrifices and renunciations counted as nothing. To them it was natural that a child should keep his fingers out of his mouth and off the tail of Puss, should keep his feet still and his handkerchief in his pocket, should do the suitable things with meat, drink and hoop-sticks. They never noticed, and so they never praised. But when, worn out by long abstinence from natural joys, natural relaxations, you broke one of those rules which seemed to you so useless and so arbitrary, then they noticed fast enough.

"Can you *never* remember," they

said, "just a simple thing such as not biting your nails?" Bitter aloes following, no doubt. Or, "I really should have thought," they would say, "that, considering the number of times I've spoken about it, you would remember not to make that frightful noise"—with boots, or hoop-sticks, or a blade of wet grass, or what not. They did not pause to think, in their earnest grown-up business of "bringing the boy up," how many, how very many, and how seemingly silly were the "don'ts" which you had to remember. But you will not be like that: you will notice and approve, and, most needful of all, reward with praise the earnest difficult refrainings of the child who is trying to please you, who is trying to learn the long table of your commandments all beginning with "Thou shalt not," and to keep them, not because these commandments appeal to it as reasonable or just or useful, but just because it loves you, wants to please you, and, deepest need of love, wants you to be pleased with it.

A hasty yet determined effort at putting yourself in its place is the thing needed every time you have to sit in judgment on the actions of another human being, most of all when that human being is a little child. If we cultivated this habit we should not hurt other people as much as we do. I have seen cruel things.

A little girl given the run of a box of her aunt's old ball dresses spent a whole hour in arranging a costume which seemed to her to be of royal beauty, a crushed, pink tulle dress, a Roman sash, white satin slippers put on over the black strapped shoes and turning up very much at the toes. White gloves, very dirty, and wrinkled like a tortoise's legs over the plump, dimpled arms. Hair dressed high on the head over a pad of folded brown stockings, secured by hairpins borrowed from the housemaid. A

wreath of crushed, red calico roses from somebody's last summer's hat, a string of pearl beads, the property of cook, and a blue heart out of a cracker saved since Christmas.

"I am a beautiful Princess—the most lovably Princess in the world," said the child, and the housemaid responded heartily: "That you are, ducky, and no mistake. You go and show mother."

But Mother, when she was told that this stumbling, long-tailed bundle of crushed finery was a beautiful Princess, laughed, and said: "Princess Rag-bag, I should say."

"It's only pretending, you know," the child explained, wondering why explanations should be needed by Mother and not by Eliza.

The Mother laughed again. "I shouldn't pretend to be a Princess with that great sty in my eye," she said, and thought no more about it.

But the child remembers to this day how she slunk away and tore off the beautiful Princess clothes, and cried,

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and cried, and cried, and wished that she was dead. Children really do wish that sometimes.

Another form of cruelty is mere carelessness. A child spends hours in preparing some surprise for you—decorates your room with flowers, not in the best taste, perhaps, and fading, it may be, before your impatiently awaited arrival—or ties scarves and handkerchiefs to the bannisters to represent flags at your home-coming.

"Very pretty, dear," you say carelessly, hardly looking—and the child sees that you hardly look—"and now clear it all away nicely, won't you?"

The child clears it all away; and with the dying flowers something else is cleared away, something that will no more live again than will the faded flowers.

Be generous of praise—it is the dew that waters the budding flowers of kindness and love and unselfishness: it is, to all that is best in the child, the true Elixir of Life.

E. Nesbit.

THE SECRET OF THE HILLS.

In every man there is a desire to stand where he has not stood; to see what he has not seen; and to look beyond anything that shuts in his view. This desire manifests itself in many forms. It is as much the mainspring of the explorer as of the man of science, or of the philosopher. Who is there that has not said, "Let us go round still one more bend in the road, and see what lies hidden," or "Let us breast one more ridge and behold what is beyond?" For some men it is the "categorical imperative," for others the barren pursuit of knowledge, but for a few it is the command to go forth and see those mysterious ranges of snow and ice from their midst. An inborn love of the hills—be they Sur-

rey Downs or snowy heights—is the birthright of most men, and it only requires an opportunity to transform this instinct into the true love of the mountaineer for his mountains. To wrest fully their secret from the hills, a man must search among the rocks clean-cut by the chisel of Nature; he must seek amid the perils of the ice-fall; and he must face failure when he has apparently reached his goal. Though he may spend his best days wrestling with the heights, in the end, maybe, the winds will sing his funeral lament, the snow will bury him, and he will only gain their secret when he "Falling, sleeps contented at their feet."

But over him there will be the finest

tombstone in the world—a great mountain; with this, the finest epitaph—He died for the sake of his great love.

To the mountaineer, all that is best and purest, most strenuous and most beautiful, is associated with the mountains. They are to him what a lady of old was to her troubadour—an unattainable being, to be loved and revered, an object to be immortalized in poetry and deeds, and an incentive to lead a clean and upright life. In the olden days a man might ride forth in the pride and strength of his youth, to conquer dragons and rescue virgins. The love of adventure and danger is as much as ever part of a man's character; but where now is there aught so like knight-errantry as the winning of virgin peaks and the conquering of the dragons that live in the pitiless rocks? No one can withstand the witchery of the tramp through the redolent pine trees in the velvety blackness of the night. With his pack upon his back the mountaineer leaves the cramping environment of civilization, a new and great freedom fills his soul, a longing for the battles to be fought, mixed with a strange yearning after a vagabond's life.

"All I seek the heaven above
And the road below me."

Soon he leaves the twinkling lights of the valley, and the cool darkness of the forest receives him into its arms. When he crushes the pine-needles under his feet there is a smell sweeter to him than incense, and overhead the crescent moon gleams through the delicate network of the branches. Gradually the trees grow more stunted; sometimes they are strangely twisted and grotesque from their fierce struggle for existence, wrung by the icy blasts till they are all but rooted from the meagre soil where some ill fate has planted them. When the climber rises above the trees he is surrounded by a great amphitheatre of peaks,

sharp and crystalline against the starry sky. How black are the shadows! How mysterious the snow-fields! How immutable the peaks! But who shall dare describe the sacred beauty of night among the mountains? Must not Night speak to her children in her own tongue? Words but recall her voice to those who have heard; he who has not heard, let him not attempt to understand.

Before the traveller has grasped the full grandeur of his position there is a faint band of primrose in the east—the herald of the dawn. The primrose turns to pink, and the pink to crimson, as if heated by some vast smokeless furnace; then, as the highest peaks gleam like spear heads in the sun's first rays, from the darkness leap out rocks, the precipice takes form, what was blackness becomes light and shadow, and in another moment the last layer of darkness is peeled away and every crag revealed. Then in the bright sunlight the snow-crystals crunch merrily underfoot, glacier and ice-fall, rock and snow-slope, follow one another in quick succession. There may come long hours of walking in the soft snow, when the sun burns, and the climber is hypnotized by the rhythmical movements of his own shadow, but at last, from a confined view to the vastness of the illimitable, he steps upon the summit of his peak, and sees the piles of cloud and the endless vistas of the ranges. Then comes perhaps the finest hour in the whole day. There is a sense of dangers past, of difficulties overcome, and above all of the silence and vastness of Nature which seem to enter into the soul only in the solitary places of the world—in the desert, at sea, and on the veld at night. Who can describe these moments? Are they not a glimpse into the unity and diversity of Nature where lies the root of all wisdom?

But, all too soon, lest night find him still amid the snows, the traveller must start to descend. With weary limbs he stumbles down the moraine, to where a glacier pool is inviting him to brace his tired muscles, and

"With a flame-flash of engulfing fire
Plunge through the iced embrace."

Endowed with new life, he supplies himself upon a flower-starred alp in front of the tent, and gazes at the piled-up masses of silver cumulus, and the peak he has ascended, with a feeling of absolute contentment. But such days of unclouded sunshine and success are not the only happy ones that a climber knows. No less does he love the days of storm and tempest, when upon an exposed ridge the battalions of clouds marshal themselves to hurl volleys of hail and thunder at the adventurer. Then must hand and eye be sure and muscle strong; there must be no flinching, no wavering. All the men upon the rope must work together like a trained crew, for to give in is treason, to fall is annihilation for all. But, to the man who is master of himself, there is time to admire the wildness of the scene. The wind seems to blow from all directions at once; in the riot of the elements everything quivers and the sky falls as solid snow. Already the figures in front are a mass of white, and great icicles hang from beard and hair. Can there really be life and warmth below? Or is this the reality and the rest a dream? Then, again, there are the days when the mountains put on their robes of state, those cloud-vells that

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are the raiment for their most beautiful ceremonies. What is there more entrancing than a vast expanse of snow-field shrouded in a light mist? All forms are distorted and enlarged; they even seem to writhe and twist as the mist curls; the edges of the crevasses are jewelled; and all is silent. Then a puff of wind may come, tearing aside the curtain and revealing a distant mountain, a masterpiece hung in Nature's picture gallery, and framed in encircling clouds. Fine days may pass and leave little impression on the mind, but a mountain seen hanging in the mists will remain in the memory, when the recollection of cloudless panoramas has passed away. Lastly, though to appreciate these requires much schooling and many bitter experiences, there are the days when the sky itself seems to be dissolving, and the horizon is shut in with a leaden pall. Little curls of mist steal through the pine-branches, the distances are soft, the hills are indistinct, the foreground is unnaturally bright and glistening, and the whole air is filled with a multitude of treble voices that are the choir of Nature singing the song of the rain.

To him who has tasted of the well of life there is but one instinct—to mount, to rise, to mount unceasingly. O human littleness! O sordidness of the world, you cannot survive the profundity of the mountains, where the soul is cleansed, the mind exalted, and the spirit washed bright in the illimitable snows.

Weyland Keene.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Young readers who attempt the reading of Marshall Saunders's "Pussy Black-Face" (L. C. Page & Co.) will have to accustom themselves at the outset to the odd impression produced by a story told in the first person by a young kitten. When they have once accepted that situation they will be in-

terested to see how the world and the people in it appear, or may be thought to appear, from that point of view. Six or eight full-page pictures by Diantha Horne Marlowe will add to their enjoyment of the book.

Professor E. Hershey Sneath of Yale, and Dean George Hodges of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, are joint authors of a compact and sensible manual of "Moral Training in the School and Home" (The Macmillan Co.) which makes a strong and practical appeal to teachers and parents. Its suggestions are helpful and well-considered; they are founded upon wide observation; and they embody the latest conclusions upon the relations of physical, mental, social and moral training.

Dr. Edward H. Williams's "The Walled City" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) is a narrative of experiences with the criminal insane, written by a man who has spent fifteen years or more as a physician in insane hospitals. It stands almost, if not quite, alone as a vivid picture of actual conditions in these institutions. It is not written to exploit a theory or to arouse sentiment; but it describes conditions exactly as they are and tells a true story, or a group of stories, of individual inmates, their occupations and amusements, their vagaries and delusions, and their attempts to escape. Written out of intimate personal knowledge and experience, it has a unique value; and some of the incidents which it describes are of thrilling interest. There are a dozen or more illustrations.

Mr. Amasa M. Eaton, who writes a monograph on "Free Trade vs. Protection" which A. C. McClurg & Co., publish, makes no pretensions to a judicial attitude in the treatment of

his subject. He admits that his book is "controversial, aggressive and contemptuous" and explains that it is his purpose to give his protectionist antagonists the same treatment which they have been in the habit of giving to free traders. By free trade he means—as he explains nearly every time he uses the term—a tariff for revenue only. Allowing for this attitude of mind, even those who differ totally from the author's conclusions will admit that he writes clearly and cogently. The book is, in fact, more vivacious and far easier reading than it would have been if it had been written in a calmer and more dispassionate tone. Coming at a time when the country is about to go far in the experiment which the author advocates, the book will hardly fall of interested readers.

A series of eight lectures upon Thomas Jefferson, delivered last year by United States Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, are published by the Columbia University Press under the title "Thomas Jefferson: His Permanent Influence on American Institutions." Senator Williams admits that the lectures were prepared in haste, and under unusual pressure, resulting in part from vigorous campaigning for the election of President Wilson; but any lack of elaborate research which may be chargeable to these circumstances finds at least a partial compensation in the ardor and enthusiasm with which the dominant elements in Jefferson's character and the chief incidents in his career are presented. The personal element, incident to direct address to a student body, counts also, in the impression made upon the reader. The part which Jefferson played in the Revolution, his influence in democratizing state and federal institutions, his career as a diplomat, his policy as

President, and his views regarding religious freedom and education are the subjects of Mr. Williams's lectures. Mr. Williams's book will not supersede existing biographies of Jefferson, but it supplements them in a very satisfactory way.

President Henry Churchill King's "Religion as Life" (The Macmillan Company) is a vigorous, inspiring and helpful book, intended to show what religion has to offer to men and women beset by present-day difficulties and temptations. In six brief chapters, President King considers the choice of life and the danger of choosing the lesser good; the method of living the religious life; its enduring realities; the sources from which it springs; the enemies which beset it; and its essence, which he defines as sharing in the life of God. The book is forcefully written, and it appeals to the average man by its freedom from theological technicalities and its practical treatment of modern and vital problems; while it will commend itself to the trained thinker by its close reasoning and its breadth of view. It has the qualities which gave to "The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life" and "The Moral and Religious Challenge of Our Times" such power and persuasiveness; and it is, if possible, even more practical and timely.

Dr. Josiah Strong's "Our World" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) is written in the same serious and earnest vein as his earlier book "Our Country;" but its scope is broader, for in the present volume he considers world problems and not those only which concern our own country. It is indeed the "new world-life," as his subtitle indicates, which is his theme: the life of abundant industry, of marvelous expansion, and of tremendous possibilities, but also of new and momentous problems,

of bitter strife and of great perils. In the present volume, the author does little more than to analyze the new conditions, to trace the development of the new forces and to show how the old tendency toward diversity has been reversed and has become a tendency toward oneness. His marshaling of facts is clear and comprehensive, and his statement of them clear and forceful, as is his wont; but the final impression upon the reader's mind might be depressing were it not for the promise of a second volume, to follow soon upon the present, in which will be shown the possibilities of a new and larger altruism and of a new, social interpretation of Christianity suited to modern needs.

"The Masked War" by William J. Burns (George H. Doran Co.) is the story of the detective operations which uncovered the great dynamite conspiracy carried on for years by the officers of the International Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, and culminating in the blowing up of the Los Angeles Times building in October, 1910. The conspiracy was the most daring and dastardly in the history of labor wars in this country; and the detective work which led up to the capture of the criminals and their punishment was exceptionally skilful and well-directed. If Detective Burns, who tracked the murderers and brought them to justice, had had only literary effect in mind in writing this narrative, he would probably have summarized the reports of his assistants and relegated the reports themselves to an appendix; but his purpose was simply to write a detailed and straightforward narrative of actual events, and for this purpose the plan adopted is the best. The story is one of thrilling interest,—all the more because it is told without literary decoration or any straining after effect.